

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



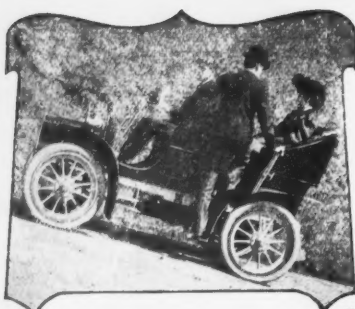
VOL XXXV NO 20

AUGUST 12 1905

PRICE 10 CENTS

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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A Cadillac may safely be stopped, and can easily be started, while climbing the steepest grade—one of the many performances which show the safety of operation and demonstrate the unusual power of the Cadillac. Chief among the notable features of the

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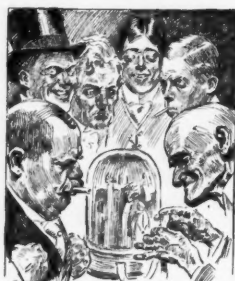
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GUARANTEED superior to the 10c. cigars sold by dealers.

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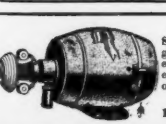
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AUGUST FICTION NUMBER

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 W. 13th St., London, 10 Norfolk St., Strand, W. C., and The International News Co., 5 Breams Bldg., Chancery Lane, E. C. 4; Toronto, Yonge Street Arcade. Copyright 1905 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Notice to Subscribers

Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of COLIER'S will reach any new subscriber.

VOLUME XXXV NUMBER 20 10 CENTS PER COPY \$5.20 PER YEAR

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One Thousand Dollars for a Short Story

COLIER'S offers one thousand dollars for the best short story received between June 1 and September 1. This premium will be awarded in addition to the price paid for the story, and all accepted stories will be paid for at the uniform rate of five cents a word, except in the case of authors who have an established and higher rate. These authors will receive their regular rate. A booklet giving full particulars of the contest will be mailed upon request. Address Fiction Department, COLIER'S, 416 West Thirtieth Street, New York.

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Until the purchase of this insurance by Mr. Wanmaker the largest amount carried by an individual in one company was for \$1,500,000. This insurance was issued in April, 1904, by The Mutual Life to a well-known New York banker.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
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NEW YORK CITY

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for amount \$..... My occupation is..... And age.....
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COLIER'S, AUG., '05

Add \$300 a Year To Your Salary

YOU can do it easily. It won't take time from your regular business, either. Just an hour or so in the evening at your convenience.

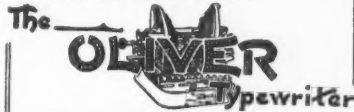
And you can do it if you're a bank president, without loss of dignity.

Become a local sales agent for the Oliver Typewriter.

Sell a few machines a year, with our assistance—with the help of our experience—our knowledge of typewriters—our regular correspondence—our traveling salesmen, and you can easily add \$300 a year to your salary.

Many of our local agents do more than that—some make 300 a month—several have big offices with from five to twelve assistants and many of our big salaried men—the heads of departments, managers, etc., were at one time local sales agents.

Now it isn't hard to sell



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For the Oliver is the business man's typewriter.

It does better work at less cost than the ordinary typewriter.

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Now we make special terms with local agents. And you can be a local agent—if there is no other in your town—if you are the right man.

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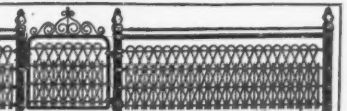


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Editorial Office 162 Nassau St., New York



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IT COSTS NOTHING TO FIND OUT.

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Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mech. Engineer
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You pay for it after it has paid you for itself. It will do a regular EIGHT hour washing in FOUR hours, and it won't wear the clothes. We prove this before you pay a cent.

We send any reliable person our "1900" Washer free of charge, on a month's trial. We pay the freight on it to your home station, at our own expense.

YOU don't risk a penny, and WE don't ask from you any cash deposit, note, contract nor security. You simply write us for the month's trial, and we do the rest.

If, on a four weeks test, you can't wash clothes with it equal to best hand-work, in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear, and with HALF THE EFFORT, send it back to your nearest Railroad Station, that's all.

When you are convinced it saves you FOUR hours labor out of every EIGHT hour weekly washing, KEEP the machine. Then you must pay us 60 cents a week, till the washer is paid for.

The four hours a week our "1900" Washer SAVES YOU would have cost you for washer-woman's time 80 cents. Your own time (if you do the washing yourself), is worth as much as a washerwoman's, and any servant's time costs you board and money equal to this, in the long run.

The "1900" Washer lasts at least five years. Every year it will save you about \$31.20 in labor. In five years this amounts to \$156.00—think of that!

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We may withdraw it tomorrow, if it overcrowds our factory.

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U. S. NAVY DEPARTMENT 90
CARNEGIE STEEL CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. 44
N. Y. C. & HUDSON RIVER R. R. Co., New York City 32
PRUDENTIAL INS. CO., Newark, N. J. 30
SIMMONS HDW. CO., St. Louis, Mo. 20

It will save its cost in a single year by the saving of time it effects.

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INSTEAD OF HOOKS AND BUTTONS ON WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S GARMENTS
SIMPLE—STRONG—SECURE

"IT DOES NOT SNAP—IT SLIDES"

Will Not Catch or Tear the Garment and Never Wears Out
GUARANTEED NOT TO RUST

YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND A NEW USE FOR IT—SUGGEST IT TO YOUR DRESSMAKER

ASK YOUR DEALER

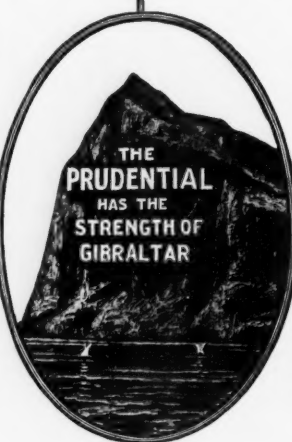
OR—SEND 24 CENTS in stamps and we will send you by mail, prepaid, sufficient Nottahooks for your Placket, also Nottahook Tape Skirt Supporter. OR—SEND 60 CENTS in stamps and we will send you sufficient Nottahook Skirt Supporters for four Waists and two Skirts. Nottahooks to sew on your Placket and enough for the front, collar and cuffs of a Waist. **STATE COLOR WANTED.** Sew-ons in Black and Nickel—Tape Goods in Black, White and Gray.

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Where is the dollar, or five, or ten that you meant to save? Did you save what you meant to?



The Prudential

can and will help you. It can provide a way of saving, and make it decidedly to your own and your family's advantage to save systematically. It can also make your savings earn something from the start.

And if, while you are saving, you should be suddenly taken away, your family will receive immediately the insurance money which your payments secured from the very beginning.

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION
GETTING INTO SHAPE FOR THE NEXT CONGRESS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



WE DO NOT LIE DOWN merely because a dealer in social ordure menaces us with punishment. This is not courage. It is an ordinary trust in honesty. Nine months ago, when "Town Topics" made an unusually ignoble attack on President's ROOSEVELT's daughter, we observed that Colonel MANN's standing among the people was and ought to be "somewhat worse than that of an ordinary forger, horse-thief, or second-story man." Recent events have led other newspapers to a somewhat similar conviction. As Colonel MANN now decides to threaten us we repeat that the notorious editor of "Town Topics" is guilty of practices which should make decent men ashamed to meet him, decent women ashamed to read his paper, and decent advertisers unwilling to help sustain his sheet. Colonel MANN has written the following letter:

BLUFF FROM
A MISCREANT

General Manager American News Company, 39 Chambers Street, New York:
DEAR SIR—In COLLIER'S just issued and dated July 29, No. 18, of Volume 35, there is an article most grossly libelous of myself. I write this to say that I shall to the full extent of the law hold your company responsible for the publication and circulation of this newspaper. Respectfully yours,
(Signed) W. D. MANN.
July the twenty-sixth, nineteen hundred and five.

The American News Company referred this production to us and immediately received the following reply:

July 28, 1905.

American News Company, 39 Chambers Street, New York City:
GENTLEMEN—We shall be glad to assume full responsibility on your behalf for any statements made in COLLIER'S about "Town Topics" or its proprietor, Colonel MANN. Very truly yours,
P. F. COLLIER & SON.

Colonel MANN, of course, is indulging in a feeble bluff. If we can goad him into daylight, the happier we. Fancy him in court, putting into figures the injury to his fair name, and inviting us to prove the justice of our opinion! No, Colonel MANN, your course is to remain quiet, and be thankful you are in your carefully guarded office, instead of in the rear of prison bars.

BARON KOMURA ATTRIBUTES the victories of Japan to the justice of her cause, the freedom of her public service from corruption, and simplicity and frugality in her mode of life. Upon the last two points it will do America no serious injury to reflect. The Japanese not only know what is wholesome in habit and in diet, but they act upon their knowledge. They have none of that "common-sense" which in this country frequently means eating and drinking anything that gives an amusing feeling in the throat. The Baron's list is an impressive one, although others could be made. On the military

WHY JAPAN
HAS WON

side might be mentioned subordination, fearlessness of death, and an unequalled gift for secrecy. The Duke of WELLINGTON once said: "It may be very right to give the British public this information, but if they choose to have it they ought to know the price they pay for it and the advantages it gives to the enemy in all their operations." England has always felt this handicap, and we may some time feel it bitterly. In the Civil War the opposing sides suffered about equally from publicity. The lessons that Japan has taught are many. It will suffice for us if we strengthen ourselves at those places, suggested by the Baron's interview, where Japan's example is as valuable for peace as it could be for war.

WHOLESOME SIMPLICITY is not merely the result of poverty, as may be seen in the modes of living of peasants in various European countries; although, no doubt, it is true that Japanese wisdom will meet a severe test as the country meets the temptations of prosperity. Wages, in a quarter of a century, have increased for skilled labor over

DANGERS
TO BE MET

150 per cent, and for unskilled not much less. Trade is of recent origin, and new needs are being daily born of it. The cost of living is rising rapidly. The ordinary habits of the people can hardly hold their own against the world. Socialism is growing, and everything is being questioned more each year. The influence of individualism on patriotism and the public service, and especially the influence of money standards, when they set in, must be swift and strong. American women are now busy stirring up their Japanese sisters, and the

effects of that change alone will be incalculable on the standards and moral characteristics of the men. Fiction will probably soon become the general reading, instead of, as at present, books of information and of power. Last year, in the Imperial Library at Tokio, the demand for fiction was almost negligible; for theology and religion, 1.6 per cent; for science and related branches, 21.6 per cent; for literature and language, 20 per cent; history and geography, 18 per cent, and the rest various artistic, industrial, and military topics. The nation thus far, almost as one man, is eager to learn, to do, and so to live that the national powers and virtues will be increased. She is the extreme opposite of what Lord SALISBURY called the dying nations. Long may she triumph over the dangers that lie ahead, for just so far as she succeeds will her strength be the cause of vigilance and severity in other nations.

MR. BALFOUR'S PURPOSE, in his feeble attempt to cut down Ireland's representation, was, presumably, not quite so foolish as on the surface it appeared. Probably it was tactics, a threat in reply to some of Mr. REDMOND's demands. If he ever wished or hoped to carry it through he is more benighted than in our day would be expected even of a CECIL. English abuse caused Ireland's population to diminish, and therefore Great Britain would take away twenty-two Irish representatives in Parliament; and this in spite of the guarantee in the Act of Union, into which she was bullied and bribed, that she was to have one hundred and three members in the imperial debating society in Westminster. As Mr. MORLEY long since pointed out, Ireland needs over-representation in Parliament, not only because of her distance geographically, but still more because of her distance in nature and desires. "Ireland," says Lord DUNRAVEN, "can not be Anglicized. She can not be happily governed, nor can her prosperity be assured, by purely English methods and ideas." Since she must, on account of her location, be chained irrevocably to England, she should make the best of her necessities, but England can in the end do no less than allow her to manage all purely Irish matters and to be represented generously in a Parliament in which the majority are of a different race. England legislated successively to kill the Irish cattle trade, the provision trade, the woolen and cotton industries, glass, hats, iron, sugar, grain. All that is in the past. Englishmen like Mr. WYNDHAM would do what they can to restore prosperity to-day. Is Mr. BALFOUR as small and arrogant a Bourbon as his practical dismissal of Mr. WYNDHAM and his attempt to cut down Irish representation make him look?

BALFOUR AND
THE IRISH

CECIL TRAITS IN BALFOUR are naturally often likened to those of the famous uncle who introduced the then youthful philosopher to British politics. Lord SALISBURY, like his nephew in many ways, was a much abler man. His thought contained less subtle elaboration, but more volume and a harder bottom. We have been reading with intense interest the two volumes of Lord SALISBURY's essays published recently in this country by DUTTON & Co. They are packed with reflection and conviction, and flavored constantly with the salty wit to which the Marquess was addicted. A typical sentence is his admission, about Bishop TOMLINE's "Life of Pitt," that "the small portion of it that is original is undoubtedly distinguished by the solemn emptiness of which the Bishop was an acknowledged master." His cynicism, so much talked about, never seemed sour to us, but rather a relish for the contradictions of frail humanity. "Every adjustment between rival claimants must always leave dissatisfaction upon many sides, and probably upon all sides, if the adjustment be a fair one." Lord SALISBURY was a Tory and to some extent a partisan. He was always ready with some jibe for Whiggery, Liberalism, Jacobinism, republican government, or the United States; but he was strong, honest, capable of learning by experience and of changing policies with altering conditions. The English people trusted him to a degree to which they have never learned to trust his nephew. Mr. BALFOUR is clever, attractive, and a rather good tactician and debater, but he lacks that instinct for actual forces which, in a similar situation, would have kept his uncle from leaving the Tory party weaker than he found it.

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"A FOOLISH CONSISTENCY," said EMERSON, "is the hobgoblin of little minds." There is a valuable consistency also, and it is no puzzle to tell in which category belongs the following: "I find that you advertise scab products, but the sentiment of your paper is in favor of trades-unionism. Very comic, indeed." Equally brilliant are other exercises in logical fence and parry brought out by our controversy with the patent-medicine industry and the newspaper standards which give it life. One editorial says that newspapers are no more unconscientious in the advertisements they receive than are lawyers in the cases they accept. An advertising agent accuses us of inconsistency for attacking patent medicines and not the Equitable officials. That his facts are wrong, of course, somewhat

HOW SOME
MEN THINK

impairs the momentum of his reasoning, and he is ably seconded by a newspaper which accuses us of carrying insurance advertising while criticising the Equitable. One merchant thinks we ought to show up the whole pages given to advertising clothing with extravagant claims at ridiculously low prices, and to prove good faith and to enlighten the public he declares: "I agree to give through you two hundred and fifty copies of 'American Weaver' to two hundred and fifty readers of COLLIER'S at fifteen cents per copy, to pay for wrapping and postage, in such manner as you may suggest, or first come, first served. Positively not more at price." Some think we are logically compelled to disapprove of a certain scalp-exercising machine, and another points out the enormity of carrying Boston & Maine advertising while using that railroad as an example of unregulated monopoly. Breakfast foods irritate a number.

CORSETS, WHISKEY, cigarettes, and beer find ardent foes, with whom, indeed, we are mainly in agreement; but they do not seem to apprehend the point. We are attacking not personal tastes or habits, but fraud. If people chose to drink Mrs. WINSLOW'S soothing syrup in order to get the laudanum, or Peruna for an easy drunk, another set of questions would arise—a set on which there is much to say, on both sides, and on which we may sometime care to enter the arena; but to the essence of this patent-medicine bunco game it has exactly no resemblance. Certain States are now trying to prevent grown men from smoking cigarettes. Other States take from the individual his choice about what he will or will not drink. Perhaps some other will enter the field with corset legislation. Of course, the sellers of all these articles claim more for them than is true. That is done by every salesman, roughly

WHAT IS
FRAUD?

speaking, in the world. Most patent medicines belong not in this category, with merely the usual mendacities of trade; but distinctly in the class of frauds. The baby is not asking for laudanum when he gets it; the woman who has a headache is distinctly assured that she is using no powerful drugs, and the person with a disease incurable by drugs is made to buy by what are in every sense false pretences. Protecting people against swindling is one thing. Trying to protect them against their own folly would be another. Moreover, to add an entirely different consideration, patent-medicine indulgence is mainly caused by the newspapers, whereas the corset, cigarette, or whiskey habit has never probably, in the history of the world, been created by advertisement. In those fields the most the advertisement can do is to recommend one brand as against another. In the fraudulent medical field they create the disease and then palm off a so-called remedy exactly on the principles of counterfeit money or the well-known shell game with which farmers are sometimes entertained.

MR. DUBOIS IS IMAGINATIVE altogether, and Mr. WASHINGTON'S imagination is the light which shines upon a vast sweep of precisely comprehended fact. Mr. DUBOIS has trust in the promulgation of eloquently worded sentences, known as moral truths. Mr. WASHINGTON knows that to him who hath shall be given, and he knows exactly what it is necessary to procure in America to-day in order that other things may follow. Mr. DUBOIS'S graphically expressed address to the United States, and his whole movement for increasing talk about the negro's rights, are likely to injure the race for which he speaks, though, fortu-

nately, not as much as Mr. WASHINGTON'S persistent and sure-footed labor at the foundation will help it. Oratory of the highly colored variety is the negro's showiest gift, and we believe with regret that there is more of sound, and of the emotion that goes with sound, in the programme of Mr. DUBOIS than there is of understanding and grim determination. Anybody of humane feeling must sympathize with his suffering and his desires, but often the greatest harm is done by those who are righteously in earnest. Mr. DUBOIS, like Mr. WASHINGTON, declares that the negro is making progress in education and in industry. Why not let this progress go ahead, instead of exciting him on his weakest side?

MEMBERS OF THE MOB at Huntsville, Alabama, applied to Judge JONES, of the United States District Court, for discharge, on a writ of habeas corpus, from custody on indictments found against them in a case which attracted much attention at the time. Judge JONES denied the application, and at the last session of the Alabama State Bar Association read a paper on the general topic. He holds that the Superior Court has never decided, as has commonly been supposed, that Congress has no power to protect citizens of the United States in cases of the kind brought up by this mob violence. Of course, jury trials depend in their outcome not on State but on county sentiment. Judge JONES was a Confederate soldier, and the fact that his construction of the Constitution is unaffected by public opinion in his immediate environment is to the honor of the bench. We are not at present discussing the technical arguments involved, but merely rejoicing in the advance which we believe is being made, North and South, away from sectional bias, toward a broad and independent view both of the laws we have and of the laws we need.

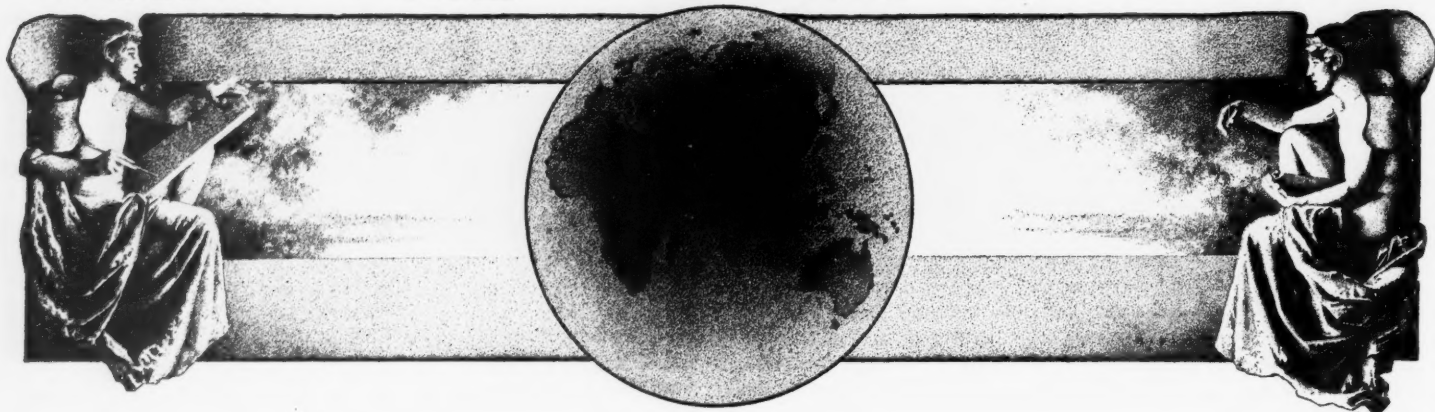
JUSTICE IN
THE SOUTH

THE TOWN OF POMEROY, Meigs County, Ohio, deserves commiseration. It owns a minister by the name of EVANS. He, or some one else, has sent us a copy of the Pomeroy, Meigs County, "Leader," containing an article by him, in which he devotes a column and a half to collecting phrases of obloquy for the editor of COLLIER'S and for the innocent workingman who told in our columns why the preaching of certain ministers failed to load him with enthusiasm. Of this laborer the Rev. P. M. EVANS, pastor of the Simpson M. E. Church, in Meigs County, as aforesaid, declares that he seems to have "a fifteen horse-power mouth and a one horse-power brain." His arguments, according to this gentle shepherd of wandering souls, are "miserable rot." The workingman's desire for enlightenment is a "public parade of childish self-conceit." He would do well in a dime museum. The word "rot" is the pious and consecrated gentleman's favorite, but it is varied with "imbecile stuff" and "consummate asinine qualities." We don't know much about Pomeroy, Meigs County, Ohio, but it sounds as if it might deserve a better fate.

POOR MEIGS

"MR. E. H. SOTHERN," says the principal newspaper organ of the theatrical syndicate, and especially of Mr. C. FROHMAN, "sails on the Cedric to-day by direction of Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN to procure special costumes." Such childish insolence really passes the endurance of philosophy. Mr. E. H. SOTHERN sails when and where he pleases, he acts in whatever plays he likes, and Mr. C. FROHMAN is his business agent purely. Our theatrical Napoleon could no more "direct" Mr. SOTHERN to sail upon the Cedric than he could direct him to procure certain costumes or produce a certain play. The bragging of even a would-be omnipotent theatrical boss should have its limits. Things have reached such a pass that no actor managed by Mr. FROHMAN can take a trip abroad without the FROHMAN announcements proclaiming that he went to consult Mr. FROHMAN, or by Mr. FROHMAN'S orders. This might be true enough of certain feeble actresses, pretty girls changed to fiat stars, who owe their eminence entirely to managerial goodwill, but when it is said of a man like Mr. SOTHERN, his own master and the director of his own performances, it is an insult not only to him but to the intelligence of anybody with the most rudimentary knowledge of our theatrical conditions.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



DIVINE RIGHT

IT WAS SOMETHING of a reversion to long-gone methods of diplomacy when the only autocrats now left in Christendom, Nicholas and William, met for an hour's conference and set all Europe buzzing with disquieting rumors. No reporters, of course, were present, and until the autocrats see fit to talk, conjecture is the only refuge of the curious world, which wants peace.

And conjectures have been plentiful. It has been claimed that the German Emperor, handicapped in his most ambitious plans by the growing strength of the Socialists, and fearing the spread of still more radical doctrine from the centres of revolt just across the frontier, was interested chiefly in advising Nicholas to grant such reforms as would quiet Russia in Europe. Others have argued that his fear is that Russia will form an alliance with Japan, in which case all Germany's schemes for seizing a rich portion of China would come to naught. According to this view, William advised Nicholas to go on with the war in the East to the bitter end.

Others have had it that William took this step merely because he found President Roosevelt occupying more than his share of space on the world stage. And then there is the belief that William's purpose was to set a prince of his own house on the Norwegian throne, and that he sought the consent of Russia to this.

One guess is as good as another yet. Two things only in the whole episode are of significance. It was unpleasantly surprising to discover that at this day a man who claims a divine right to butt in can seriously endanger the peace of the world, without being responsible to any one. And it was instructive to find how much an object of suspicion and dislike is the German war-lord to his neighbors. England and France drew even closer together as a result of the conference, and it is manifest that if Germany attempts to coerce Japan at the close of this war as she did ten years ago, she will find a very different Europe when she seeks moral support, as she surely must.

And a very different Japan! What would happen to the German navy—the navy of a nation which never in history has taken part in a naval action of any importance—should it clash with the fighting fleet of Japan, is a conundrum which may well make even the impetuous William ponder well.

ENGLAND AND THE BALTIC

THE ACTION OF England in announcing that the Channel squadron would soon sail for the Baltic to conduct its annual maneuvers gave reason for belief that the rumor of William's plan to control the destinies of Norway and eventually of "Scandinavia" had gained some credence in London. The announcement was greeted with a howl of wrath by the German press, which contended that the Baltic was not an open sea, and that England's action was an affront to Germany.

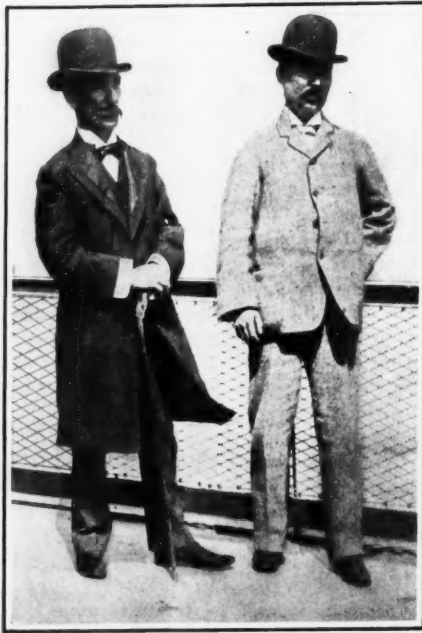
Some of the papers even advocated closing the Baltic to the warships of all nations which did not occupy some portion of its shores, and cited the closure of the Black Sea as a precedent. The analogy fails, however, for the Black Sea was closed by a concert of all the powers, not because it was

The German Emperor, by his unexplained personal conference with the Czar, has made himself a disturbing element in the peace negotiations. The investigation of the Agricultural Department is handicapped by dissensions between Secretary Wilson and the Department of Justice. The Attorney-General of New York has brought suit against forty-nine directors of the Equitable. Secretary Bonaparte insisted on a rigid investigation of the disaster on board the gunboat "Bennington"

surrounded by land, but because Turkey was weak and England feared Russian aggressiveness there. This time England is on the other side, and France is with her, a combination of naval power which will of necessity have a deciding voice in determining maritime questions for Europe.

THE AGRICULTURAL INVESTIGATION

AFTER STARTING WITH a rush under the impetus of the President's personal wishes, District Attorney Beach's investigation into the disordered affairs of the Department of Agriculture met the fate of most investigations in Washington.



BARON KOMURA AND MR. SATO

The Japanese Senior Plenipotentiary and his Chief Secretary

Secretary Wilson apparently felt it more necessary to preserve his own prestige than to make sure that his department was reorganized from top to bottom, no matter who might suffer from the revelations of maladministration.

The District Attorney had felt that he was seriously handicapped by the publicity which the Secretary had given to the crop report scandal from the beginning. When later, Holmes, the assistant statistician, disappeared, and Hyde, late chief of the Bureau, whose failing was laid to incompetence

rather than dishonesty, sailed very unobtrusively for Europe, the promise of a fruitful hearing by the Grand Jury grew very slight, for these men were the all-important witnesses. The Secretary blamed the District Attorney for carelessness in letting them escape.

Secretary Wilson has very many troubles. Dr. George T. Moore, a rather well-known expert of the Department, found it necessary to resign. Dr. Moore was the discoverer of the treatment of worn-out

soil by means of nitrate-converting bacteria, a discovery which was industriously advertised in the bulletins of the Department. At first cultures of the bacteria were distributed free to applicants, but later those interested were directed for a supply to a concern called the Nitro Culture Company. Lately it has developed that Dr. Moore for a long time considered taking the position of chemist in this concern, and that pending the action a large block of the stock was made over to him in his wife's name. So that while he was advertising, or at least editing the advertising of his discovery through the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, he had an interest very close to pecuniary in the concern which sold the thing discovered to the readers of official advertising.

The revised estimate of the cotton crop made under the new plan of the Secretary roused almost as great a storm of criticism as the Holmes report which it replaced. On top of this came complaints that the reports on tobacco and even on grain had been altered in making estimates. The Southern Cotton Association is especially opposed to the executive under whose administration a department has reached such a state, and is expected to request the resignation of Secretary Wilson.

COLONIAL DIFFICULTIES

THE REASONS for Secretary Taft's long journey to the Philippines have been made more apparent by recent despatches from the archipelago. As in every revolt before—or every recrudescence of ladronism, if one prefers the Administration's phrase—the present outbreak in the provinces of Cavite and Batangas reveals a relation amounting to sympathy, at least, between the outlaws in the *bosque* and those political leaders who have been foremost in the agitation against the present Civil Government. Governor Wright recently called a number of these leaders to a conference, where he tried to impress upon them the unwisdom of their attitude. All disturbance, of course, removes further into the future that representative assembly which the natives desire so much, for no general election can be held till the Philippine Commission is able to certify that peace prevails throughout the archipelago.

Even Porto Rico is not completely content. The recent convention of her municipalities has adopted a memorial to Congress asking more Home Rule.

LIFE INSURANCE AND THE LAW

GOVERNOR HIGGINS of New York, after long opposing any legislative investigation of the affairs of the Equitable, sent a special message to the Legislature on July 20, as a result of which the two Houses passed unanimously a reso-

lution creating a joint committee to "prepare and recommend such legislation as may be adequate and proper to restore public confidence and to compel life insurance companies to conduct a safe, honest, and open business for the benefit of their policy-holders." The reason for this sudden change in the attitude of Governor Higgins has not been satisfactorily explained.

District Attorney Jerome has been busy with the mysterious \$685,000 loan which the Mercantile Trust Company carried for Messrs. Alexander and Jordan, with no further security, apparently, than their connection with the Equitable. The strong suspicion that this loan served as a concealed lobbying fund for the society is, of course, very hard to verify.

Superintendent Hendricks has filed his report on the examination of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company. The report shows that in the sworn statement of the company for 1904, under an item \$184,913 called "other liabilities," \$182,767 consisted of judgments entered against the company, and comments:

"I am constrained to believe that the return of this item after the manner stated could not have been the result of an inadvertence, and certainly constituted a concealment of facts sufficient to render the company's sworn statement for 1904 materially inaccurate in its failure to return these judgments under their appropriate title.

"Further variations, in addition to those appearing in credit assets and policy reserve, as between the figures published in the company's last annual statement and similar items embodied in this report, are produced in the item of unpaid death claims, December 31, 1904. They are returned in the annual statement of the company at \$796,704.31. As the result of this examination, the amount is shown to be \$831,429.59. The investigation of death claims incurred and paid, compromised or settled, since the prior examination of December 31, 1901, with balance outstanding, December 31, 1904, has been a work of considerable labor, involving as it did the review of 3,531 claims incurred, with accompanying evidence and correspondence relating thereto."

The report also claims that the Mutual Reserve had taken every means in its power to put off paying to beneficiaries the claims to which they were entitled, and says:

"Making due allowance for the time it may occupy to thoroughly investigate all questionable death claims, I think that as the result of this examination it is quite clearly in evidence that the company has adopted a settled policy of delay in withholding the approval necessary to constitute an admission by it of the receipt of satisfactory evidence of death in the case of all claims

under policies or certificates issued while the company was operating under Article VI of the Insurance law. From the date of such approval ninety days is the specified time within which payment is to be made. The average period elapsing between the filing of proofs of death, which were upon "investigation" ultimately found to be valid claims, is so lengthy as to properly subject the company to the severest criticism in its treatment of these beneficiaries, many of whom must be subjected to no little suffering and distress by this seemingly inexcusable procrastination on the company's part in the payment of its just debts to policy-holders. "Thus insurance at one time amounting to \$1,923,-

twenty per cent from the salary of the former president, and therefore subjects the income of Mr. Morton to the same proportional reduction as he made in the salaries of the other officers.

At the same meeting the directors accepted the resignation from their number of James W. Alexander, whose official connection with the society is thus entirely severed. Young Mr. Hyde has shown no intention of doing likewise.

A disagreeable duty was forced upon the directors by these moves for economy. Mrs. Henry B. Hyde, widow of the founder, has been receiving a pension of \$25,000 a year from the society since the death of her husband. It was discovered also that the society had entered into a contract with Mr. Alexander to pay his wife an annual pension of \$18,000 in case she survived him. These contracts have been submitted to counsel, and unless they prove legally binding it is hard to see how the money of the policy-holders can be used for any such purpose.

RECIPROCITY

THE ISSUE OF reciprocity was brought to a political head in Massachusetts a year ago in the State election. Governor William L. Douglas was able to make his sensational raid on the solid Republican ranks of the State largely because many men had come to believe that the Dingley tariff was destroying the commerce of New England, and especially her trade with Canada.

The issue then, of course, was purely local, and the Senate seemed for a time to have checked its growth into a question of national importance by refusing confirmation to the President's treaties with various countries.

But reciprocity will not down. A conference is to be held at Chicago on August 16 and 17 for the consideration of this one topic. Thousands of prominent trade organizations and individuals will be represented, and the Senate will have another opportunity to exercise that power for which it was created, to check the will of the unthinking people who attend conferences like this.

Altogether the coming session of Congress promises to be stormy. President Roosevelt shows no intention of giving up the fight for regulation of the railroads and for reciprocity treaties. It will be but natural for the opponents of these two policies to join forces, and between them, there is no question, they can control the Senate



BLOWING UP HENDERSON'S POINT, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Forty tons of dynamite were used to destroy this menace to navigation. Water and debris rose to a height of 150 feet

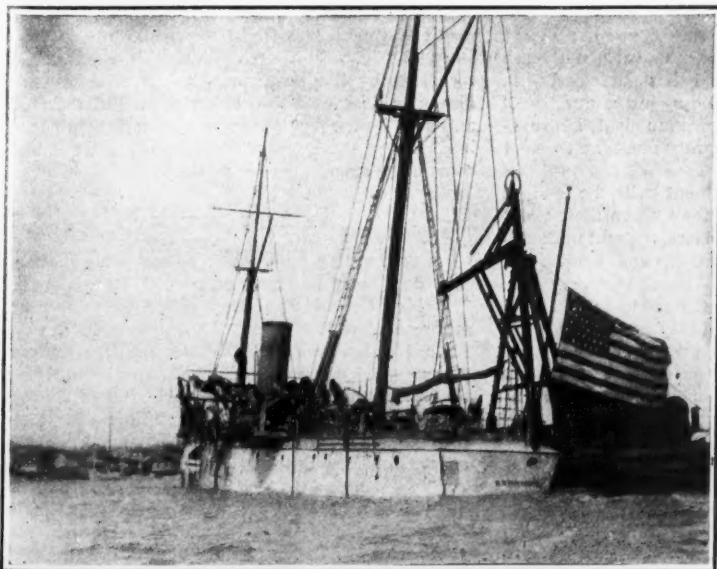
COPYRIGHT 1905 BY GEORGE BRAYTON

000.73 finally yields its beneficiaries \$906,656.74, there having been deducted \$293,655.30 on account of an indebtedness ascertained by the company to exist against the assured, with a further deduction of \$722,688.69 retained by the company for the various alleged violations of contract by the insured enumerated above."

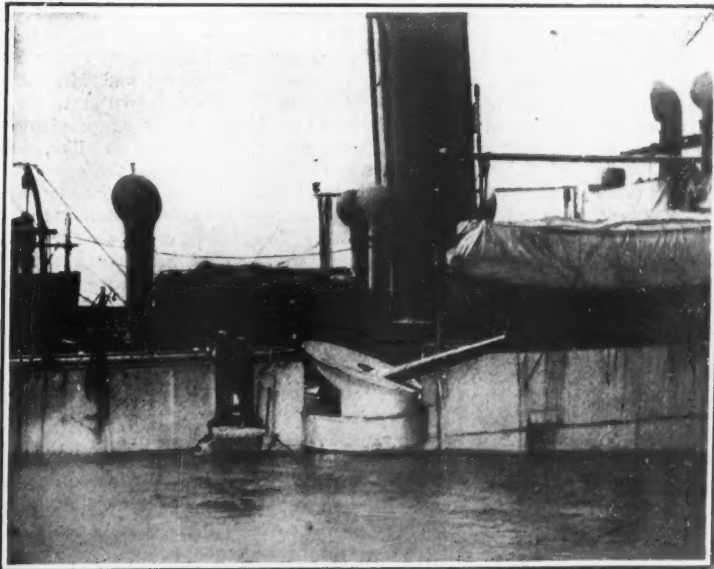
ECONOMIES IN THE EQUITABLE

THE REMAKING of the Equitable has gradually taken two rather distinct lines, the internal reforms introduced by the new executive body, and the external legal investigation in which both the Department of Insurance of New York and the Attorney-General's and District Attorney's offices have a share.

The temporary office of Chairman of the Board of Directors ceased to exist on July 26, when Mr. Paul Morton was chosen president of the society at a salary of \$80,000 a year. This is a cut of



Pumping out the engine-room in which the bodies of twenty-one dead were found



Starboard side of the vessel, showing disabled gun

THE DISABLED "BENNINGTON" AS SHE LAY BEACHED AT SAN DIEGO AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF JULY 21

absolutely. It is significant that "the boss of the United States," Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, who spent last winter abroad, is coming home this fall to take personal command of his forces.

AMERICA WINS AND LOSES

ON JULY 24, the American challenger *Manchester* won her third straight race from the Canadian defender *Alexandra*, and so brings the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup back home after nine years in which American designers have tried in vain to recapture it.

In the challenge round of the matches at Wimbledon for the Davis Tennis Cup, H. L. Doherty beat Larned, and S. H. Smith beat Clothier in the singles. The Americans played well, but the superiority of the Englishmen is shown by the summary of the three days' score: Englishmen, 15 sets, 132 games; Americans, 8 sets, 101 games. In the doubles the Doherty brothers defeated Ward and Wright, 3 hard sets to 2.

LAWS

THE LAWS OF Massachusetts forbid any body of men except the United States army, the volunteer militia, and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to parade or drill under arms within the Commonwealth. The Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles of Ottawa was going through Boston to Providence, and asked permission to march.

That permission could only come from the Legislature, which is not in session. So a compromise was effected. The Canadians rode through Boston on the elevated road, which was neither parade nor drill. They took their rifles and their dignity with them intact. And the lives, liberties, and happiness of the citizens of Massachusetts were still held under protection of the inviolable law. The law must stand, otherwise we might have a second Shay's Rebellion.

WESTWARD, HO!

IMMIGRATION for the last three years has been extremely heavy, yet despite that fact the volume of immigrant traffic handled by the railroads kept continually falling off. This meant that the bulk of the new-comers to America were settling in the already overcrowded cities of the Atlantic seaboard, where they tended to force still lower the standard of living.

For the last six months, however, the statistics of the Trunk Lines Association show an increase of from thirty-five to forty per cent in the number of immigrants destined for distant points. The majority of these people have gone into the West and Southwest, where there is still land for many millions of settlers who are willing to work. The Niagara frontier has absorbed a number, while very few of the immigrants, comparatively speaking, have remained in the Central States, where neither land nor opportunities are plentiful.

FIGHTING THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

THE OWNERS OF Kansas oil wells were left very much in the power of the Standard Oil Company when the Supreme Court of the State decided that it would be unconstitutional to build a public refinery with State funds. They may obtain relief if the big independent oil companies carry out a plan they have put forth tentatively. Their scheme is to build a pipe line from the Gulf to the Kansas fields, tapping the Texas fields on the way. Such a line, 670 miles long, would cost

several million dollars to build, but would ensure the refineries a supply of perhaps 10,000 barrels of high-grade oil a day. With such a line as a nucleus, the oil producers and refiners might form a combination which could make a good fight even against the power of the Standard Oil Company.

MR. BALFOUR'S PERSISTENCE

MR. JOHN E. REDMOND was able to muster enough votes in a thin house on July 20 to defeat Mr. Balfour on an item in the estimates, 199 votes against 196. The Opposition thereupon called on the Premier to resign, but after taking time for consideration, he came into the House four days later with such a manifest majority that he carried a motion to adjourn without a division.

By taking this course Mr. Balfour tacitly announced his intention of clinging to office as long as possible, which means that the present Parliament may stand till the autumn of 1907. He will have to make a stubborn fight, however. The leadership of the opposition has, as so often before, fallen into the hands of the Irish Nationalists, who are bitterly opposed to the Premier on account of the Irish Land Purchase Act of 1903, and the present Redistribution of Seats Bill, which

has been having a hard tussle with the politicians of the island in his attempt to create a clean administration there, and in July, despairing of carrying out his reforms in the face of the obstructionist tactics of his opponents, he came to Oyster Bay and offered his resignation. The President refused to accept it, and Governor Carter is going back to his post with the assurance of vigorous support from the Administration.

ANOTHER TRAGEDY

THE REVISED LIST of casualties from the explosion on the gunboat *Bennington* at San Diego, on July 21, showed a total of sixty-one dead and forty-three wounded, the latter including fifteen serious cases which may result in death. Secretary Bonaparte has promised a complete investigation, which may result in placing the blame for the tragedy.

It is well to remember, in the meantime, that the *Bennington* was so under-officered that her engine-room was in charge of a young ensign who could not be expected to have a full practical knowledge of steam engineering, and that he had not a single warrant machinist to advise him.

Furthermore, as with many of the older ships, the *Bennington's* boilers had needed repairs many times in the last few years. It is all very well to

fix the blame for this one accident; it will be much better if some method of inspection is devised whereby accidents will be prevented. When a boiler explodes, or the muzzle of a turret gun is blown off, or the charge of a sea-coast mortar is ignited before the breech-block is closed, the result is so sudden and complete that investigation can do little for the victims and their families.

TAFT, DIPLOMAT

WHATEVER MAY BE the object of Secretary Taft's visit to the Philippines, he was able to accomplish something of an entirely different character while passing through Japan. Arriving at the psychological moment after President Roosevelt's bold yet tactful move for peace had immensely increased American prestige in Tokio, the

Secretary of War was received with what Prime Minister Katsura called "the greatest spontaneous outburst of popular enthusiasm since ex-President Grant visited Japan." His official reception by the Emperor was marked by a cordiality no less out of the ordinary, and the visit may well be the beginning of a closer understanding between this country and Japan in the troublesome days soon to come in the Orient.

YELLOW FEVER

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE years of comparative freedom from the most dreaded of her scourges, New Orleans has been called on to face an outbreak of yellow fever. During July there were some two hundred cases, either positive or suspicious, and some fifty deaths. In the old days that would have meant the beginning of a great epidemic, to kill its hundreds before the frosts brought relief. But times have changed, and the citizens of New Orleans, instead of leaving their city in a panic, are screening their houses and destroying the breeding places of mosquitoes, in the belief that the measures which freed Havana from the pest will free her. It is significant that Havana, for a century the breeding place of the disease, has declared a quarantine against New Orleans.



THE PAUL JONES FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT ANNAPOLIS

Rear-Admiral Sigsbee's Squadron, which brought the body of Paul Jones from France, arrived at Annapolis, July 23, and was joined there by the French cruiser "Jurien de la Graviere." On the following day the body was brought ashore with impressive ceremony and placed in a temporary vault. The officers and crews of all the United States warships at Annapolis, as well as the officers and some men from the French ship, took part in the funeral ceremonies.

is aimed directly at the reduction of representation of the Home Rulers.

Under the procedure of the House a compact minority can embarrass the Government very seriously, and Mr. Redmond has already begun obstructionist tactics by holding up a number of private bills providing for municipal improvements and the like, which now must wait for at least a year.

Whether the embarrassment will be serious enough to force the Balfour Government out remains to be seen. The Liberals would undoubtedly win in a general election, and a complete change of government would result at a very critical moment. England is just coming to an understanding with France, which may have much to do with the settlement of Far Eastern questions, while now above all times Japan has a right to demand that the policy of her ally be firm and consistent.

POLITICS IN HAWAII

THE PLACE of a territorial governor resembles a bed of roses in just one respect, and the governorship of the little territory of Hawaii is about the stormiest of the lot for an honest man. Politics in Hawaii were as rotten as possible toward the end of the monarchy, and they have grown worse since. Governor George R. Carter

A STUDY IN VALUES



By EMMA KAUFMAN : : Illustrated by WALTER APPLETON CLARK

PART I—LIVE MATTER

THE third cell to the right on the upper tier was occupied by Rosa Boldi. Within two steps of her Sleek Sallie, of the nimble fingers, viewed her with reverence. Half-way down on the same tier, disheveled, draggled, dirty, her sisters in criminality stared with unstinted admiration.

"If yer up fer anythin'," said Sleek Sallie, who had been up numberless times, "go up fer a big un."

Thus she explained the admiration in the Tombs.

Rosa Boldi was up for a big un.

In an alleyway where the sound of blows was as common as a vocabulary of curses, where tenderness was as rare as a bathtub, where rags and rages were as familiar as beggars and bugs, where the rights of the weak were trampled upon as frequently as their bodies, Rosa Boldi had taken the law into her own grasp.

When she laid down her reeking knife a crowd of familiar faces hedged her in. They had sprung out of every corner of the crowded alley.

A shriek following a groan had summoned them.

"Fight on!"

The announcement was not unusual, yet, as you know, it never fails to gather a crowd. They tumbled over one another in their eagerness to be on time, wholly unprepared for what met their eyes. Some of them among the women fell to praying, the men to cursing because they did not know what else to do. Fights were common, murders were rare. The same difference marks a big un and a little un.

Rosa Boldi stood dully looking at her victim. He was known as drunken Boldi and he happened to be her father. He lay an inanimate lump where he had fallen. Her face, always sallow, had taken on a yellow tint. Her hair, ordinarily neat, was tumbled frowsily. Her bare arms were thick and dark, and in her hand she still held the bald evidence of her crime.

"Drop ut, idjut," whispered a voice in her ear.

Her eyes met those of a sallow-faced, black-haired youth known in the streets as Bat-Eyed Bill. He had the ill luck to live in a neighboring alley. A glance into it would easily account for part of his pallor, a glance at him would account for the rest. His teeth were yellow with tobacco juice, his chest was sunken, his eyes were restless, his lips emitted a constant hacking cough. At the first cry of murder he had limped in from the street. He had never before been in at the actual scene of one, though he had followed the details of hundreds since he first began to cry their headlines on the street. Now he edged closer and closer to the girl, as though fascinated by the bloody knife and by her connection with it. He chewed voraciously, shifting his wad to give his advice, but it was too late.

The oaths, the cries, the groans, the rush of feet that had summoned the neighborhood had also roused an officer of the law.

Among the surging, noisy crowd Rosa Boldi stood mute with the carving knife in her hand. The blue-coated man touched her arm and relieved her of it.

"Phew, wot a idjut!" muttered Bat-Eyed Bill, setting his teeth hard on his wad of tobacco.

And, of course, he was quite right. She had committed in addition to the crime of murder the unpardonable folly of being caught red-handed in the act.

Importuned by a sea of voices, she stood mute while they supplied her with excuses. Boldi's reputation had been none too good, and public feeling at his death was with his daughter. The crowd followed her through the streets, chattering conjectures. Rosa Boldi, heading the procession between two policemen, trembled and panted like a wild animal. A chorus of voices for the first time in her life banded her name back and forth. An army of eyes for the first time were concentrated upon her thick, stolid figure. People along the line, people who had never before known she was alive, turned as she passed to look at her. They rehearsed

her crime in all its hideous details, and each one became important as he or she had known Rosa Boldi.

At the station the crowd was shut out.

"Don't open your lips; don't say a word; I'm your lawyer," said a voice in her ear.

Outside she still heard the crowds. She saw them peering in at the doors and windows, eager to catch a glimpse of her. And suddenly a feeling quite new made her cease trembling. She had done a terrible deed and yet a certain exultation possessed her. The most mistaken could not have called it repentance.

The preliminaries of examination were over and Rosa Boldi's trial for her life had begun.

In the woman's corridor she rocked back and forth, spelling over these words on a bit of dirty paper: "Yer ut. I'll be burned if ye ain't. Der papers is full uv yer name. We's been a' hollerin uv ut all day. Don't say nothin'."

She rocked in idleness with a smile on her face. It was warm and peaceful, and there was no one to cuff

and curse her. It is true that in return she was deprived of her liberty, but her liberty had represented chiefly the right to make buttonholes. Now for the first time in her life she had hours to rest, a cot all to herself, an atmosphere not half so foul as that to which she was accustomed, and with all this a delightful sense of her importance.

Every morning, from the moment that she stepped upon the bridge across which she went to the Criminal Courts Building, it was borne in upon her afresh. In the court-room it glared at her from a concourse of eyes. It was impossible for her to shake off the consciousness of it. You see it was so new.

The three-roomed tenement in the basement at the bottom of a flight of dark, creaking steps, which Rosa Boldi called home, sheltered six uncared-for children. The mother, low browed and bent, hideous witness of duty done at the call of ignorance, and the father, brutal and sodden, quarreled constantly. Yet their daughter, undaunted, dreamed of all things of having a beau, as most of the girls in the alley and the sweatshop had. She watched stealthily their methods of attaching him. Some girls appeared to do nothing but smile—those had pretty teeth. Her own were crooked and dark. One of the most admired had an extremely small waist. For a day, to emulate her, Rosa Boldi deprived herself of the power to breathe. The heat of the stoves made her faint and threatened her work, so she loosened her strings and decided to use compression only on Sundays.

There was one girl not at all pretty who brought something in her little tin pail every day to her beau. He never failed her at the noon hour. Rosa Boldi dreamed of those two as they sat together, her eating and she watching. Once she heard him speak to her and call her "Nell."

She was going home that night after work, alone, with that sound in her ears. Suddenly she saw Bat-Eyed Bill directly in her pathway. He had been down on his luck and he looked it. Instead of selling papers he was begging alms. In one hand Rosa grasped her week's wages, five dollars, by the round of endless buttonholes. She looked at the ungainly youth, and a great idea possessed her suddenly. She would buy him. There he stood in her pathway with his greasy cap outheld. She stepped forward with sudden courage and dropped into it fifty cents.

That day heralded others. The art of wearing a ribbon becomingly, or a flower coquettishly, or a hat that follows the contour—those are doubtless more subtle methods of purchase. But with money, as with beauty, while it lasts it may be potent.

One day from a saloon old Boldi saw his girl and the beggar. The devil flew into him then. That was the part of the story that Rosa Boldi had settled for herself out of court, and from the dreary round of buttonholes at three cents a dozen had thrust herself suddenly into the red-hot glare of notoriety.

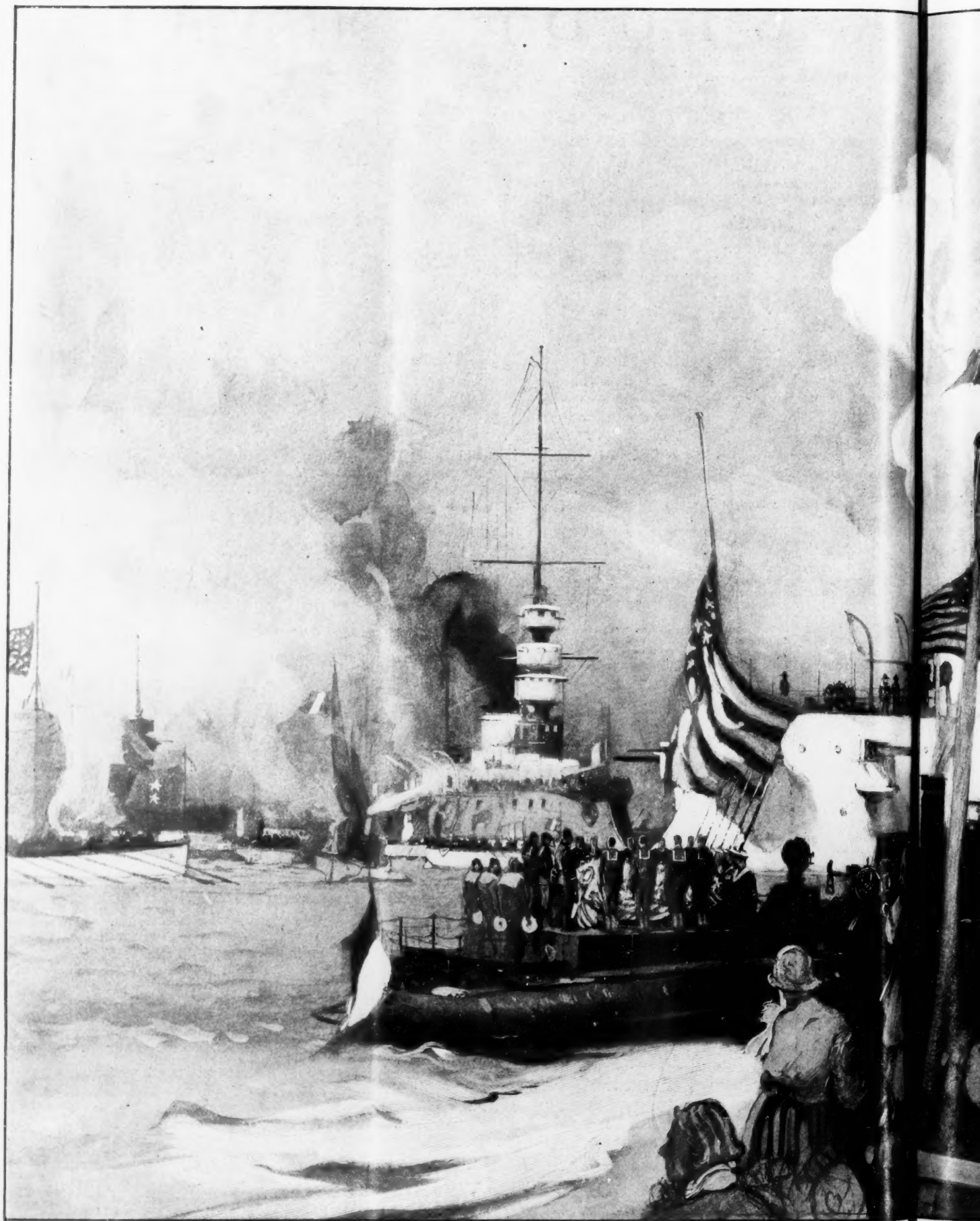
As she basked in it a card was handed to her. She toyed with it and grinned. Then under the eyes of petty thieves and other murderers she went down to the matron's room to receive Marlowe of the "Eye."

He smiled upon her as she came in, and at once, in the language of Park Row, began to jolly her along. She



"Drop ut, idjut," whispered a voice in her ear

FRENCH BATTLESHIP *AMIRAL TRÉHOUART*



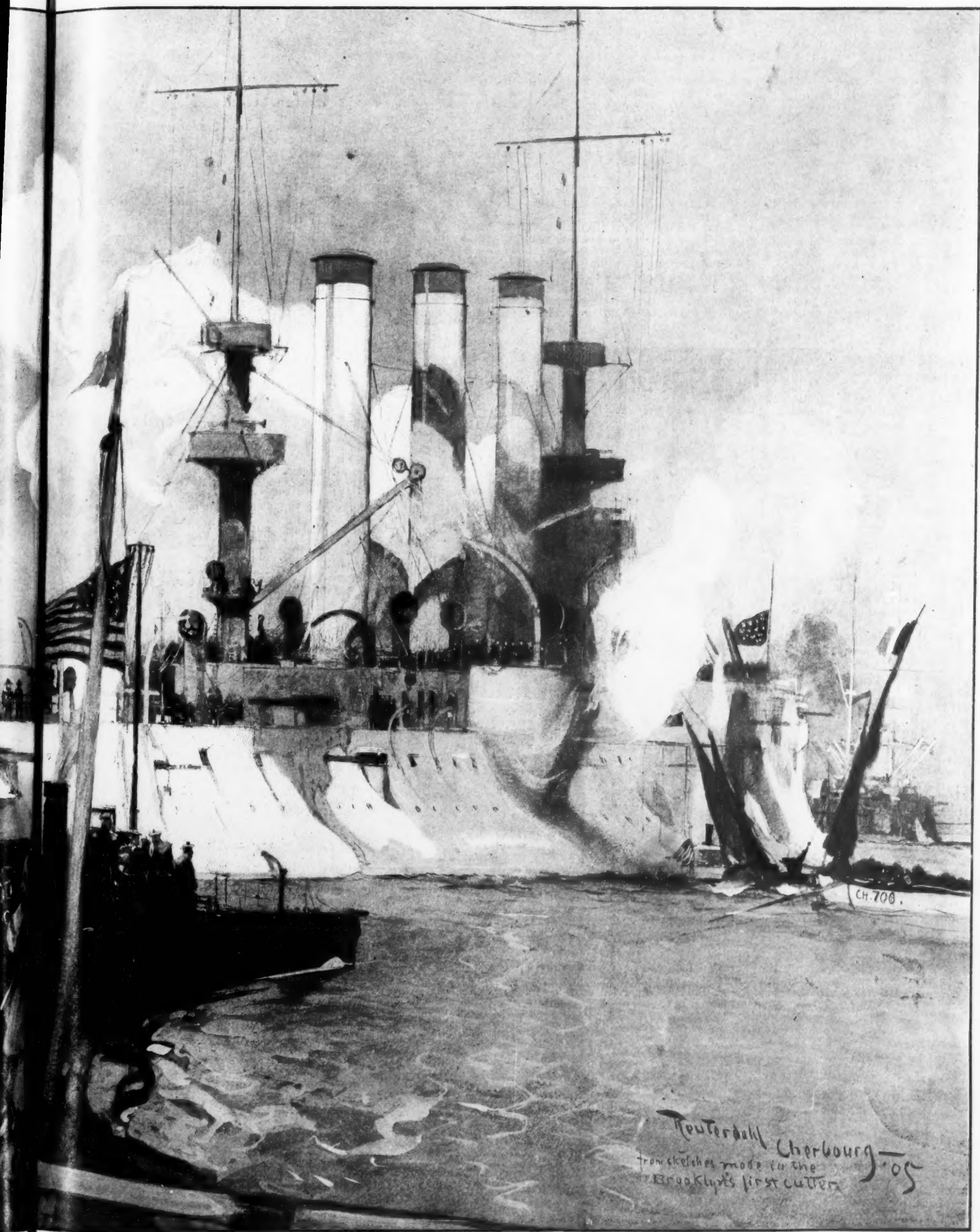
REAR-ADMIRAL SIGSBEE'S BARGE

THE ZOUAVE BEARING THE BODY OF PAUL JONES

PAUL JONES STARTSON

THE FRENCH TORPEDO BOAT ZOUAVE TRANSFERRING THE BODY

DRAWN BY REUT



U.S.S. BROOKLYN

FRENCH BATTLESHIP HENRI IV

SON HIS LAST CRUISE

T BODY TO THE U.S.S. BROOKLYN IN CHERBOURG HARBOR

BY W. REUTERDAHL

beamed under it. How on earth should she know that it was called Marlowe's specialty that he kept on tap to distribute frechandedly among criminals? He wanted Rosa Boldi's own story told her own way. She shook her head.

"You're too pretty a girl," he said, "never to have had a lover." She grinned. "Tell me about him."

A scared look came into her eyes and she pressed her thick lips tight over her yellow teeth.

"Come, tell me the story in your own way. Listen," he said at last, "I'll give you twenty dollars—thirty—if you'll sign it."

She shook her head. Thirty dollars! She didn't believe him. Thirty dollars! It represented over a month of buttonholes. But the lawyer had told her she would die a horrible death if she spoke.

"No, no, no," she said in an agony of fear. Marlowe persisted. Day after day he returned to the attack with more and more flattery. But in the end he had to own that he was baffled.

The story was played up as a tremendous example of a daughter's love for her mother. Various the men at work upon it fitted the girl to the situation. Marlowe, after studying her intently, endowed her with cheeks like the pomegranate and eyes in which lurked the flaming coals of Vulcan's furnace. Others followed suit less pictorially. Her skin was pale instead of sallow, her lips were full instead of thick, her eyes drooped in sadness instead of being crossed by nature, her hair was dusky instead of dull, her figure was round instead of stooping. They were such adjectives as a tender mother might confer upon an ugly duckling. They are the complimentary adjectives that newspapers demand when they decide to make a heroine.

The mother of Rosa Boldi, however, conferred none such. When she came to the jail to see her daughter she growled out what sounded like a volley of Italian abuse.

It read beautifully the next day in Marlowe's report. It was headlined "Mother Love," and then followed his description. The furnace fires were quenched this time with tears—a parent's tears over the child to whom she had given life and who now had repaid the debt regardless of risk.

Marlowe got the last of the Rosa Boldi story when the jury's verdict of "Not Guilty" rang, of course like a clarion bell, through the courtroom.

PART II—DEAD MATTER

FOR four months Rosa Boldi had been out of work. She had acquired fat, also a taste for idleness. Both were unbecoming. The tenement to which she had returned was dirtier than ever.

During the weeks of her daughter's absence Mrs. Boldi had arrived at the conclusion that it was better to suffer blows than to go without food. When her drunken husband had been alive she had had meat to stew occasionally, and now she never had it. It was true that she need no longer look forward to blows and threats, but then what was the use of living if one couldn't get food to put in one's mouth? It was all very fine for Rosa to put herself out of the way of earning money, but she for one could see only the misery it had brought upon the family. It wasn't pleasant to be told a hundred times a day that her daughter would never go to the chair. Of course, it was pleasanter than being told she would go, but till Rosa had thrust them into notoriety there had never been talk of chair in her family. To such a welcome as would grow out of such reasoning Rosa returned.

For a brief hour she was still a heroine. She had come home with the word ringing in her ears from her lawyer's speech. Reporters had accompanied her to the basement and inside it. Some of the neighbors had called to congratulate her and had even brought her a paper-crowned bunch of dahlias.

It was still her hour. It reached its highest moment when Bat-Eyed Bill, whose fortunes had looked up again, saw her come out of the Tombs and shrieked in her ear, "Murderess 'scapes the chair!"

That night on a ragged blanket in a stifling room, dividing the air with six other people, she tossed restlessly. She thought of Bill straining his neck to see her as she came out of the jail and she smiled. She thought of the endless buttonholes that awaited her in the overheated sweatshop and she shuddered. So the night passed.

She was Rosa Boldi again—Rosa Boldi, the button-hole maker. She grabbed a bit of stale bread and pushed it down her throat with a glass of lukewarm water. Then with dragging feet she went out into the already stifling air. At the shop she was presented with an excuse for idleness that had never entered her head. She was told that the place was full.

This was a terrible shock to bear on a crust of bread. Rosa staggered out under it into the now glaring sunlight. She marked the columns of smoke as they curled from the sweatshop chimneys, and not daring to go home, followed reluctantly on their trail.

At the office of the first she began with a quivering voice: "I am Rosa Boldi—you know—wot defend her mother 'gainst those brutal blows that fall from the hand of her father."

Unconsciously she borrowed her attorney's mode of expression that had procured her freedom. It was a bit anomalous that she should use it in an effort to bind herself once more in fetters.

At one place they told her they had more hands than they could use. At another they did not hesitate to say they never employed jailbirds.

Outside she sat down. Behind her screamed a blast of whistles calling the others to work. She could see them accurately, having so long been one of them, taking their seats in the suffocating rooms. She stretched her arms and straightened her back as she realized that she didn't have to follow them. She had the day to herself, she could sit and do nothing, and she knew that was pleasant because for so long she had tried it.

In the next months she tried it day after day to the sound of curses and threats. She tried it with gnawing stomach and aching heart. It was a bad season, work was scarce, sewers were plentiful, and what had made her famous on Park Row, what had set her high in the jail, was held at worse than naught by boss tailors on the East Side.

In the circumstances you can't wonder that Rosa Boldi thought constantly of Sleek Sallie and the comfort of the woman's corridor, of the newspaper men and Marlowe of the "Eye" especially. She longed for food and for Bat-Eyed Bill, who ran from her when she

go slip into his han' some money an' straight off I loafe him. He smile an' I know it is all right. Now I no have nothin' wot I can gif him. That night, yes it is true, my father he ask me what it is I do with my money that I haf not even one penny. He ask me fer five cent an' I say I haf none. He say he see me gif money to—"

The girl broke out into a loud cry of anguish.

"Why, my good woman," began Marlowe.

She thought that as in the old days he was going to protest.

"I tell it," she cried, "I tell it. He curse me an' him. Then I strike—I strike first—my God, yes. The lawyer he say me say nothin'—Bill he say me say nothin'. Then you—you ask an' you ask—but I can no tell you—see?—I can no tell you."

"Stop," cried Marlowe. "Stop."

But the woman went on, desperate—"I mus haf money—money fer to bring him back. Please make it as big as wot yo' can."

"There's nothing in it now, my good woman, nothing at all," said Marlowe. "It's dead—settled, you know—completely dead. I wouldn't say anything about it to anyone if I were you—it might set you in jail again, you know—"

"Yes—yes—"

"Well, I'd be careful if I were you," said Marlowe kindly, as he turned away.

Out into the glare and rush of the streets she stumbled once more. On the steps stood Bat Eyed Bill, chewing nonchalantly. Her heart stopped beating.

"It's me," she panted, after having thought for days of what she should say to him.

"Somethin' doin'?" he asked.

"I gif him wot he ask fer," she answered stupidly.

"Ye been an' done somethin' else?" cried Bill, almost in awe.

Posa threw back her head with flaming nostrils.

"Wot den?"

"It was all the same 'bout the time I was took up—"

an' he doan't want it, he doan't."

"Aw, go chase yerself," sneered Bill. "Yer dead—see?—dead's der horse a-lyin' below on der tracks."

"Merican," "World," "Eye"—"Eye," he shouted as he disappeared.

Dead—the word burned into her brain. Dead as that horse in the gutter. She went over and looked at him. He had a gash in his side where the shaft of the wagon had penetrated. She had seen a cut like that in a human being once. She had made it herself with a carving knife, and then she had lived in peace and no one had told her she would die—no one except the District Attorney. He could give her the jail again, he could put her back where there was food and comfort—

He was easily found. Before his offices in the Criminal Courts Building Rosa Boldi waited hours to see him. Finally she was let in because Bailey remembered the murderess and was curious.

"Well?" he said, twisting around toward her in his desk chair.

"Yes, I done it," she began. "I done it. I strike him first. Yo' haf say it—yo' haf say it—I am guilty."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Bailey triumphantly. "I was positive of it. You did strike first?"

"Yes—yes," nodded the girl.

"If you hadn't been a woman I'd have convicted you surely. I was so positive—but I couldn't prove it—I—"

The whole case was in his mind instantly. Collier's clever defence of the girl stood out—Bailey stroked his mustache thoughtfully for a moment, then suddenly he rose. He had observed that the door leading into the other office was open. He went over and closed it. When he came back his manner had changed to one of fatherly interest.

"Now, my good girl," he said, "I advise you to say nothing about this to any one. It's settled—don't you see? Nothing can be done now. I advise you to keep quiet. You have been declared innocent—you have been acquitted because you acted in self-defence. You can't be tried again on that charge. It's settled—it's—"

"Dead," supplied Rosa Boldi—"dead."

"Exactly," answered the District Attorney, surprised at her intelligence.

For the first time he looked at the girl sharply.

"You're hungry," he said.

"Yes," she answered simply.

"Here, here, get something to eat; that will give you new life and you won't feel like telling anybody you were guilty."

His philanthropy was selfish, as even the best of philanthropy must always be, whatever it is to save, whether a man's feelings or his pride. But Rosa Boldi knew nothing of this—the confusion in her mind was complete without it.

Dismissed, she passed out into the street and stood looking at the dull gray building that once had sheltered her. In fancy she crossed once more the bridge over which she had gone for days to the great room where every neck had been craned to see her.

Since then she had faced problems that might faze the great thinkers of the world—those who would disdain to be notorious and who yet might be intoxicated, as she had been, by being for a time live matter. Naturally she was confused. And so in the gathering dusk, carrying her confusion with her, she turned off toward Third Avenue, back to the region of sweatshops and obscurity.



She growled out what sounded like a volley of Italian abuse

crossed his path as a guttersnipe does at sight of a "cop." Yet, as women will, when they are ugly like Rosa Boldi, she carried only his image in her heart, and next to it his note falling to bits.

The grinding of machinery wheels, the clinking of scissors, the puffing of smoke that had once been her world, now mocked her. The world where they liked her held Bat-Eyed Bill and handsome Marlowe of the "Eye."

Desperate, she went to seek it one day down by the City Hall. She hadn't any very clear idea what she was going to do when she got there. She only knew that she was afraid to go back where there was no food and no money, that her world of buttonholes despised her, and that—well, perhaps there was still a wild dream in her foolish heart that even penniless she might attract a smile where once she had bought one.

In her bosom she carried Bat-Eyed Bill's writing and Marlowe's card wrapped up in a bit of newspaper in which was her name seven times—she had counted it.

As she approached Bill's beat she knew by the intuition that love has in distress, as it has in happiness, that he saw her. She persisted doggedly, but he was too quick for her.

"Merican," "Sun," "Eye"—"Eye," he shouted, losing himself in among the cars. "Eye"—"Eye."

Rosa Boldi had a sudden wonderful inspiration.

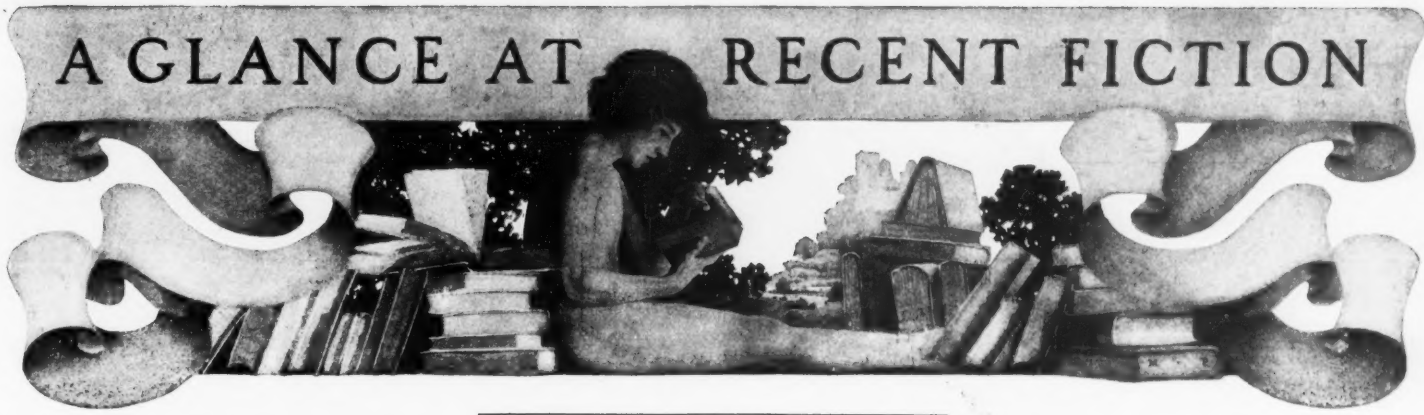
Half an hour later Bat-Eyed Bill, watching out of the corner of his best eye, saw her going up the steps that lead to the office of the "Eye."

Inside Marlowe happened to be in the city room waiting for a man who had promised to give him a tip on a big murder story, a bigger one than Rosa Boldi had ever figured in. He remembered the name Boldi, and when the boy said she was waiting in the hall to see him he lounged out there.

My, but she was ugly! That's what he thought as he looked at her.

"I come gif yo' my name to wot is true," she said, breathing hard. "There was some one—there was. He lif nex' where I lif. I loafe him. The way is this. I

A GLANCE AT RECENT FICTION



The "Mob" and the "Elect" in Literature

IN AN amusing and acute essay in "The Atlantic," Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick analyzes the astounding popular success of recent works of fiction as exhibitions of "The Mob Spirit in Literature." The reading mob shows itself open to the same spirit of emotional suggestion as the street mob. There is the feeling that "the individual is of no consequence except as one of a crowd"; therefore when "everybody is talking" of a certain book, everybody wants to read it. He shows how the machinery of publicity in modern publishing, working through advertisements, anecdotes, agents, posters, etc., acts as a fomenting force in this emotional curiosity. "The spread of the contagion is extraordinary," and "the mob novel, like a magnet, draws all to it."

Like a mob, they have no leaders, no guides—and madly follow each new impulse. The remedy for it is, as Mr. Sedgwick sees it, in the development of real leaders in taste. "If there were critics, men of natural gifts and educated taste, experienced in the humanities, there would be no mob." Our critics speak not with authority, but are mob leaders, who speak sympathetically to the crowd, and encourage them in their bad taste by regular mob-formulae of approval.

The only antidote to it is "art, the experience of the few, and authority, the judgment of the few, both antithetical to the mob spirit which knows neither law nor authority."

All of which is cleverly put and more or less true—but Mr. Sedgwick's dream of the restoration of authority to the intellectual few is as wild as would be a belief in the salvation of Italy by the restoration of the triumvirs. Whether we like it or not, the reverence for authority, in spiritual, intellectual or material affairs, has gone. The last men to wield it are the great monopolists of finance—and they are the products of certain economic conditions that the mob will upset when it is fully awake.

The mob will have to work out its own salvation—"art and authority" are futile remedies by themselves. The individuals of the mob can not be driven or led by an intellectual autocrat. The "emotional suggestion," the "power of contagion" which makes them so dangerous, must be made the instrument of their elevation. Men of light and leading must use the very implements that Mr. Sedgwick derides—the circulating library, book agent, news stand, and common school.

It would surprise Mr. Sedgwick to know to what extent the really good things in literature are circulated in this country. Never before in any country has there been such an appreciation of the books and men that Mr. Sedgwick would admit are the best. The mob spirit is very much in evidence owing to the tremendous increase in the avenues of publicity; but the spirit of intelligent aspiration and selection is at work silently, vigorously and effectively all the time.

Miss Bellard's Illogical Logic

THE FACT that Mr. Howells has for all these years held his own in public esteem as an artist and a depicter of life must be counted to the credit of the discernment of the "mob." They have never liked him; they have thrown some stones at him, but they have treated him with increasing respect as the years have passed. He was almost the first American novelist to satirize American manners. The foibles of average people have been the material of most of his novels. He has belittled and not soothed our national vanities. And yet to-day he is appreciated and honored, though he is not among the men who sell by the hundred thousand. His novels deal with the commonplace, but they do it with uncommon skill. His latest book, "Miss Bellard's Inspiration," is trivial in motive, and slight almost to the verge of dullness. But there is a play of delicate humor through it all, a gentle satire, that carries it off. The heroine, Miss Bellard, belongs to the "pseudo-intellectuals" among women who, President Roosevelt says, are the cause of so much trouble in modern life. She lectures at a Western university, and is loved by a clean young Englishman to whom the type is new. She is frankly in love with him, but when she begins to reason about it the trouble begins. Like Patience, she concludes that she must give him up, because it is pleasant to love him. The difficulty is solved with the illogical logic of a woman who believes she *thinks*—and that is Miss Bellard's inspiration.

The Sad Fate of a Good Prize-fighter

"THE GAME," by Jack London, belongs to a type of story to which the adjectives "virile," "strong," "forcible," and "realistic" are usually attached in the preliminary announcements and by the reviewers; particularly if there are unpleasant features in the book

By ROBERT BRIDGES

at which the reader almost winces, is it considered the right thing to boldly say that they are simply "strong" and belong to the New Method of fiction.

Mr. London has shown a great capacity for depicting certain elemental traits in human nature as we find it among crude men who are doing all kinds of forceful tasks. He is always better when he shows them in action, rather than when he tries to get inside their carcasses and reveal the psychology of the brutes. His theories of his work then seem to obstruct his really natural gift for depicting forceful men.

In "The Game" he has shown the modern prize-fighter of the "Gentleman George" type—the decent young man who, under more favorable auspices, might have been right guard on a college football team; but through the exigencies of making a living he has found the ring an easy way to distinction and good fortune. If he had only known the ropes, he might have secured a college education at small ex-

THE BOOKS DISCUSSED BY MR. BRIDGES IN THE PRESENT ARTICLE ARE:

- Miss Bellard's Inspiration By W. D. Howells
Harper & Brothers, Publishers
- The Game By Jack London
The Macmillan Company, Publishers
- Iole By Robert W. Chambers
D. Appleton & Company, Publishers
- A Dark Lantern By Elizabeth Robins
The Macmillan Company, Publishers
- The Beautiful Lady By Booth Tarkington
McClure, Phillips & Company, Publishers

pense. He might even have been chosen as the agent for a good cigarette; but the hero in this story of Mr. London's did not fall into such pleasant ways. He worked hard at his trade all day and kept in good training, and pulled off many successful matches at the Oakland Boxing Club. In the meantime he fell in love with a very nice young woman behind a soda-water fountain; and it is the last fight before his marriage which is the subject of the story. Through admiration of the man the girl is induced to attend the bout disguised, and it is through her eyes that the fight is seen. The description of the fight itself is a skillful piece of work, filled with the very human rage of battle, and with admiration for the qualities which have made man a most admirable fighting animal. But the conclusion of the whole thing is wrong. Mr. London has chosen to make a wholly exceptional and unusual fatal termination of the fight the proper dramatic climax for his story. No doubt he had in mind the precedents of Greek tragedy, but this hero was not born for that sort of conclusion; in other words, the accidental ending of the story by a fatality makes the story itself not worth telling. The young man was born to be lifted up by the better emotions, and the tale should not have been told unless it carried out these possibilities in him to the end. It is that sort of a story until almost the last chapter, and the author deliberately makes it not worth while by his entirely wrong theory of fatalism or "the total depravity of inanimate things."

"Art Talked to Death Shall Rise Again"

TO WRITE a really good satire and keep it up to the length of a volume, without tiring the reader, is difficult even for an experienced writer. Robert W. Chambers has a score of books to his credit—of great variety in subject and treatment—but he never before attempted anything like "Iole." It is an extravaganza and a satire. Its prototype is a comic opera. Mr. Chambers has only the black and white page with some illustrations. But he makes it amusing—especially to a reader who is familiar with the incongruities and poses of the whole writing business. The bane of all good fellows in the writing craft, and there are many of them, is the other type, who is most in evidence—the man to whom authorship is a pose for the display of a small talent and a huge personal vanity. No wonder that a sensible writer like Mr. Chambers, who practices the author's craft with intelligence, should be driven to make fun of the long-

haired, and yellow members of the tribe. But they will never read his satire, and would not know it was aimed at them if they did. They spin their own cocoon from their vanities and shut out the rest of the world. But the satire may lead a host of readers to appreciate the absurdity and insincerity of this spurious and detestable coterie, who write what is artificial and talk a great deal about it. But in the excellent phrase of Mr. Chambers, *Art talked to death shall rise again.*

The unctuous poet with his pudgy hands and greasy aphorisms is a caricature that is a little overdone, but the eight daughters are a delight. The very original courtship of five daughters is portrayed in the story, and the shrewdness of the old poet in giving the right men a chance is cleverly suggested. The fifth daughter manages her own affair and chooses "this honorable miracle, this sane and wholesome wonder! this trinity, Lover, Artist and Man!" May the three remaining girls meet a fate as kind!

A Neurasthenic Novel

THE LITERATURE of Revolt is having its day in

England, as always happens in an old, highly organized and overcrowded community. There are mutterings of it in the eastern part of the United States—mostly echoes from foreign lands. When an American of the temperament of Elizabeth Robins is transplanted to England, you can safely predict that she will outdo the English. Her novel "A Dark Lantern" is simply "The Woman who Did" with a neurasthenic, rest-cure annex. The heroine is the modern nerve-wracked woman who "is dragged up from her native heath every few weeks, hauled about from pillar to post, shaken and whirled in motor-cars, jostled on the railway, tossed about on the sea." The doctor into whose hands this particular victim falls understands his business—he bullies his patients, and talks to them like a brute. Some of the things he tells *Katharine* are of the kind that ought to be reserved for medical journals and back offices. It is not squeamishness that would rule them out of fiction; it is simply the good taste that puts every kind of knowledge into its own place. But the literature of Revolt believes in poaching on other preserves; therefore Miss Robins poaches on the brutally frank language of the clinic.

Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman" and its introduction elaborates with his paradoxical fireworks his theories on the same question. But Shaw is a man of wit and rasping humor, spiced with the unconscious charlatanism of one who thinks he despises his audience—but plays up to its weaknesses all the time. Miss Robins has neither wit nor humor. Consequently her pathological discourses have no excuse in literature. In the words of Mr. Chambers "All that Bernard is not Shaw." Miss Robins is in the Revolt, but she is a poor hand at Bernarding.

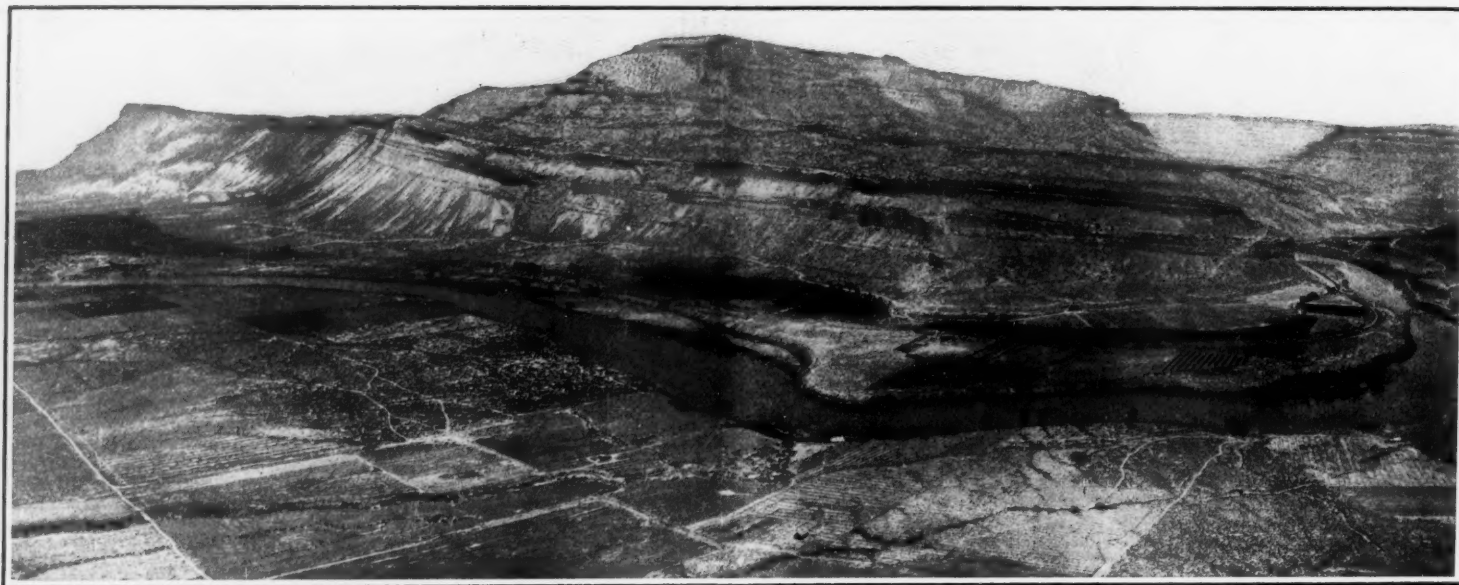
A Good Tarkington Story

BOOTH TARKINGTON is a writer with poetic fancy and an ear for style. There is a typewritten, mechanical facility about most of our fiction, which has little to do with style as an art. But Mr. Tarkington has a great deal of care for his style. He is not afraid to work over it. In his short novel "The Beautiful Lady" he has carried out a difficult experiment. The whole story is told in the language of the unconscious hero—an Italian of noble birth, who has learned English from the best literary models, not colloquially, and who writes it easily, but with many curious suggestions of foreign idiom in the order of the words and phrases, and in the meanings as suggested by root-words in his own language. That sounds like a very artificial scheme and it might be a terrible handicap to a good story. But it is handled here skillfully, and really adds a quaint charm to the tale.

The story itself is slight, but the pathetic situation of the proud but humiliated young Italian is of a kind to catch sympathy and hold it. The two young Americans abroad are attractive types of a good kind—the young man with most of the surface faults of the rich in search of pleasure.

In his recent short story, "The Property Man," Mr. Tarkington has given another example of his deftness in picturing an unusual situation. His experience in staging his own plays has given him an insight into life behind the scenes. Romantic as it is, the property man's tragedy reads like a page from real life. The suggestion of insanity, on the borderland of real genius in acting, is delicately indicated. The account of the final fencing bout is stirring and very dramatic.

Mr. Tarkington should write a series of stories giving the comedy as well as the tragedy of the theatrical life. He has abundant material at hand for it.



CARRYING ORCHARDS INTO THE DESERT—A VIEW IN THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY, COLORADO, ONE OF THE RICHEST FRUIT DISTRICTS IN THE WEST

PIONEERS OF THE DRY PLACES

THE RECLAMATION OF THE DESERT LANDS AND THE MEN WHO ARE DOING THE WORK

FROM the average Easterner—from the American, that is to say, who lives east of the Mississippi—a mention of the Reclamation Act will draw about the same degree of enthusiastic response that would follow a casual reference to the Tractarian Movement or the last acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds. The average Westerner, who has seen fields and orchards and cities spring up out of the sage-brush, the man who has literally created the land he lives upon, and to whom the water with which this miracle has been wrought is almost as immediately vital as the air he breathes, will talk reclamation to you from sunrise till the cows come home; he believes that June 17 is about equally shared by the anniversary of the passage of the act and the battle of Bunker Hill, and if many of him are gathered together, as at a banquet, for instance, probably the same thing will happen which I saw happen recently at El Paso when an after-dinner speaker had scarcely mentioned the new law before the Mexican band behind the palms forgot its sleepy waltz and dashed away into "Dixie," and half the men in the room jumped up, waving their napkins and breaking into cheers.

The Reclamation Act was signed by President Roosevelt on June 17, 1902. A Service was organized at once. In June of this year projects were under way in the various arid regions of the West which will turn into fertile farming country some two millions of acres of desert, and on the seventeenth the first of the completed works—the Truckee-Carson, in northern Nevada—was formally opened and the waters started on their journey down the diversion canal. The act provides that the moneys received from the sale of public lands in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming shall be set aside as a special fund to be used in the reclamation of the arid and semi-arid lands in these States and Territories. The law was not intended to take the place of private enterprise—that enterprise which, through irrigation, has made California and Colorado what they are, and from our desert country brought forth grain and fruits now worth each year a hundred million dollars. The Government goes into the field only where private capital is not strong enough

BY ARTHUR RUHL

"Thus saith the Lord, Make this valley full of ditches. . . . Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink, both ye, and your cattle, and your beasts."—II Kings, iii. 16-17.

"And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes."—Isaiah, xxxv. 7.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—Isaiah, xxxv. 1.

to enter, yet where water is not. It builds the great dam, tunnels mountains, carries the canal along the high-line for miles and miles, and cuts the main web of laterals over the tract where the new pioneers are to make their homes. The rate of cost to each acre irrigated is determined. It may be fifteen dollars, it may be forty. Each settler pays his share. He is not permitted to take up more than one hundred and sixty acres of the reclaimed public land—so rich is it, when once touched by water, that under intensive farming forty acres will support a family—and he has ten years in which to pay. At the end of that time the money—practically loaned by the Government—is paid back, the water belongs to the land, and both belong to farmers. After that the only cost is the trifling expense of maintenance. And the revolving fund has been turned into fresh fields to do the good work again.

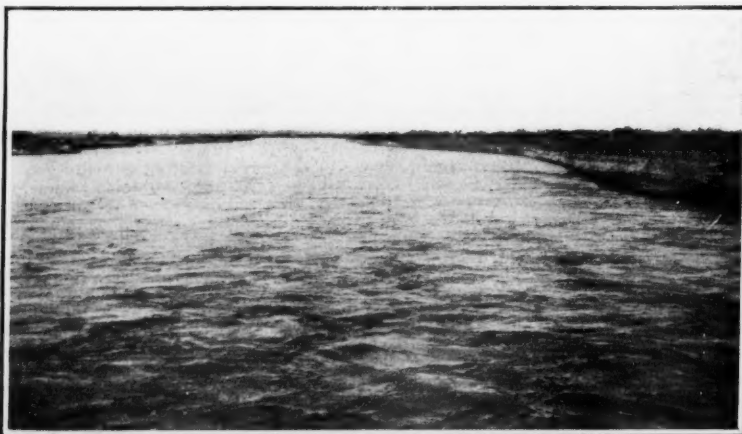
The Service which this law has brought into being is made up of men young for the most part, ardent as well as earnest and able, good citizens before they were good engineers. Its youth, the promptness with which

it was organized, the necessity in the nature of things of gathering together men who could at once "make good" and do things, gives it a character which in our layman's scepticism we do not too often associate with those who work for the Government. There has been no time for dry rot. There is a unity of purpose which must come to all worthy men engaged in a common task not only worth doing, but which they may worthily make their life's work. To the team work of a well-trained football team they add the inspiration and exaltation of the pioneer. Their camps are set these days in New Mexico and Arizona, in Wyoming and Idaho and Oregon—all through the land of little rain. Far up the canyon, with sixty or eighty miles of cactus and baking rocks and alkali dust shutting away the nearest railroad; out on some lonely bench in the northern country, with nothing but sage-brush and naked buttes from skyline to skyline, you will come upon their tents or two or three pine shacks, with a little wisp of the Stars and Stripes hanging overhead, limp in the desert sun. And wherever they are you will find them thinking and talking not alone of topographic lines and cubic yards of excavation and high-line ditches and gravity sections, but of the men who are coming after them and who must take up the land and stay by it. Their job is not merely to complete a clever bit of construction, but to pave the way—and here the men of the Agricultural Department, learned in alkalies and soils, and the ways of using water, come in to help—for the man behind the plow, for the plucky wife who will help him in the good fight, and for the families that are to grow up here, not like Indians or Eskimos, but as cheerful and happy Americans. The Reclamation men would be a pretty dull lot indeed, and empty of imagination, if the romance of their work did not now and then thrill through the intricate and endless details of engineering construction and lift them. For they are winning an empire, literally; capturing it from the forces that have held it since the beginning as actually as though they were using battleships and magazine rifles instead of transits and steam shovels and diamond drills. And it is an empire, not in any far-off alien land, but here among us—among us white men and Americans, where Americans and white men can live and work and build their homes.



THE FICKLE RIO GRANDE IN THE DRY SEASON

Site of the Elephant Butte dam, near El Paso, which will create a lake forty miles long

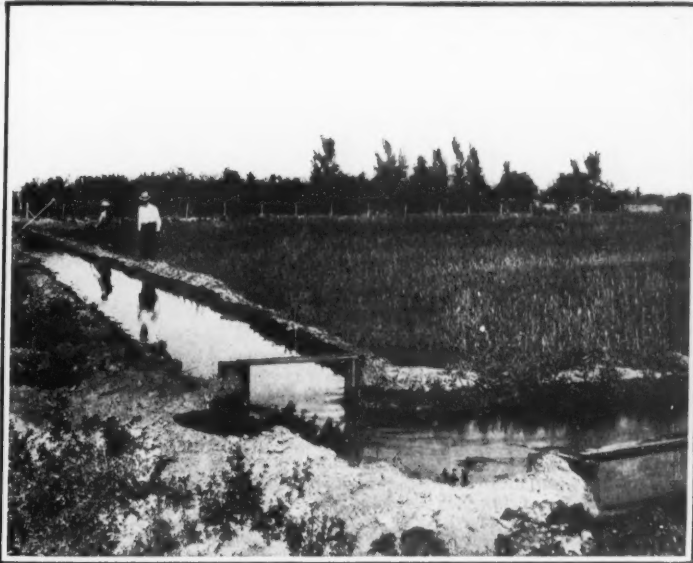


THE RIO GRANDE IN JUNE OF THIS YEAR, AT THE FLOOD

Enough water is going to waste here to irrigate, if stored, 150,000 acres for three years



SAGE-BRUSH FLATS ALONG THE RIO GRANDE BEFORE IRRIGATION



THE SAME SORT OF LAND—GROWING WHEAT AND FRUIT—AFTER IRRIGATION

The progress which this Service has made was viewed during the month of June by a number of the men who helped to frame and pass the Reclamation Act—members of the Senate and House Committees on Irrigation, who went out into the desert country to see what applied legislation looked like close to the ground. There were Senator Newlands—one would almost call him Father of the Bill, but, not unaware of the varied claims to this paternity, desists—life for the least of us still being sweet; Senator Dubois of Idaho, Mr. Mondell of Wyoming, Chairman of the House Committee on Irrigation, and Representatives Jones of Washington, Reeder of Kansas, and Cooper of Pennsylvania. Accompanying them were various men wise in matters of engineering and irrigation, heads of departments, and, from time to time, Governors, Senators, Congressmen, and local statesmen of lesser degree. Much was learned, many banquet tables graced, and much oratory carried to the waste places. It was the writer's duty to accompany this party in the office of the common or garden citizen, and it is a few of such a layman's casual observations that are chronicled in this article and others yet to come.

I—Taming the Rio Grande

The Rio Grande is familiarly known wherever the church "sociable" exists, and the lady elocutionist, telling the sad fate of "Lasca," has asked for free life and fresh air, sighed:

*"For the center after the cattle,
The crack of whips like shots in a battle,
The mile of horns and hoofs and heads—
That rears and wrangles and scatters and
spreads—"*

and wondered why she does not care, for the things that are like the things that were, and whether half her heart isn't buried there,

"—In Texas, down by the Rio Grande."

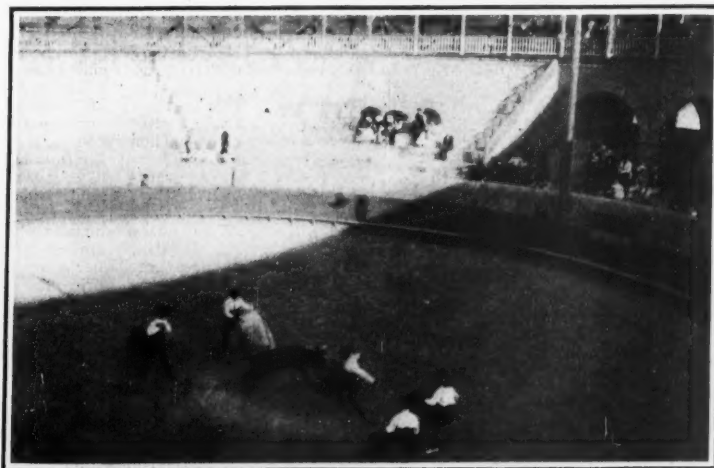
It is famous for other reasons. It is one of the long rivers of the world; it is frequently and honorably mentioned in histories of the United States, and for over thirteen hundred miles of its course forms the boundary between our country and the Republic of Mexico. It has one bad habit, in common with most streams that flow through a desert country. When the snows melt on the mountains in upper New Mexico and lower Colorado, the river comes surging down through the desert, a tawny angry torrent that sweeps away bridges and steals whole farms in a night. The rest of the year it is more or less a trickling brook, sometimes drying up completely. When I was at El Paso in February, a year and a half ago, the Rio Grande was dry as a bone and folks rode their ponies across it to the Mexican side instead of bothering to take the bridge. When we were there this year it was miles wide in places, and in the narrower reaches it ran like a mill race; a cowboy who tried to ford it near El Paso was swept away and was drowned, together with his horse; one man in the Mesilla Valley, just above the town, who thrice had lost



A DITCH 300 YEARS OLD CARRYING WATER FROM THE RIO GRANDE



ANCIENT SPANISH DITCH IN JUAREZ, JUST ACROSS THE LINE FROM EL PASO



YOUNG MEXICAN DANDIES CONTENDING AS BULL FIGHTERS AT JUAREZ

all he had in the floods, saw his whole farm literally swept away from him, and the general damage in the neighborhood of El Paso was put at about half a million dollars.

It is very annoying. It must have irritated even the early Spanish settlers who cultivated some forty thousand acres of land in the valley many years ago, a good part of which, for lack of water, has since gone back to desert. It is particularly annoying today to the people of El Paso, who are very energetic and proud of their town and not content to sigh *Mañana!* and hope that the old river will behave better next time. To be "the only thing within six hundred miles" does very well for the purpose of oratory, but it is inconvenient and lonesome. It doesn't help so very much to be able to say that your town is the "biggest city in the biggest Congressional District in the biggest State in the Union." There might just as well be fields and orchards for twoscore of miles on either side of El Paso as sage-brush and baked dust. Could this water, which not only went to waste but worse, have been stored, there would have been enough, so the engineers said, to raise crops for three years on one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. Unless you have been where the only water within a day's march was that in your own canteen, it may be rather hard for you to appreciate the significance of this. It is hardly enough merely to have seen a country where the water has been caught up and conserved and put upon the thirsty land—some such garden spot as Pasadena or Redlands, or Greeley in Colorado—though that will help. You must know the desert, its heat and thirst, its cruel glare, and mocking, endless silence, really to understand what this means; to know how tragically absurd it seems to stand in the alkali dust at the edge of such a river and watch the great priceless torrent rushing off to waste.

The people of El Paso, of the Mesilla Valley to the north of the town, and of the valley to the south of it, knew what it meant all right enough. They have lived in the desert—under that cloudless turquoise sky, hemmed in by naked buttes and the bare and baking hills. But a dam that will impound two million acre feet of water costs money. And there were other things. Mexico was clamoring for the water she used to have before irrigation in Colorado took it from the river. And there was all that tangle of ancient and new water rights which the dry-place peoples have fought over ever since the world began. It is a long story—too long to tell here. In the end, it was the Reclamation Service that cut all the knots and smoothed the bumps away. The dam is to be built near Elephant Butte, opposite the town of Engle, about one hundred miles above El Paso. It will be 255 feet high above bed rock, 190 feet above the present river bed, and 1,150 feet wide across the crest. It will make a lake forty miles long, with an average width of one and one-half miles, and one hundred and seventy-five feet deep at its lower end—enough water to reclaim

one hundred and eighty thousand acres of desert. The floods will cease. The foolish runaway river will pour itself into the vast reservoir and go to sleep—to be drawn off harmlessly during the parched months that follow, and fed through a web of ditches to the thirsty land miles and miles away. From Elephant Butte down Las Palomas Valley, past Rincon and old Fort Selden to Las Cruces; down the Mesilla Valley, where the Organ Peaks serrate the eastern skyline, sharp and flat as canvas stage mountains; from "The Pass" on down El Paso Valley into Texas and Mexico, one hundred and fifty miles or so in all, there will be orchards and gardens, and the perfume and grateful blue and green of alfalfa, just as in spots there used to be in the old Spanish days "before the Gringo came."

You may still see the ditches they used to use; under the willows that arch over some of them, the water is flowing just as it has flowed for three hundred years. The old "Mother Ditch," the *Acquia Madre*, which still flows down to Juarez, is mentioned in records as far back as 1615, when they called the town El Paso del Norte. Even to-day the greater bulk of the farming in El Paso neighborhood is done by Mexicans, and on the farms run by Americans it is the dark-skinned descendants of the older civilization that do the work in the fields. But into this half-caste land the white men have come, carrying the peaceful white man's burden; on the table in their 'dobe ranch houses you will find as many papers and magazines as though the news stand were just round the corner, and they will talk to you as heatedly about Japan or Lawson or the Equitable as though they lived in Chicago or New York. The men of the town are mostly Southerners—several of the oldest and most cherished of them were officers in the Confederate army—and they have carried to this edge of the States the South's soft accent and its gracious hospitality. And everywhere, in a way peculiarly vivid and entertaining, the South and the West and the alien atmosphere of old Mexico lie side

by side and overlap. The Boy Orator of El Paso came from Georgia, and when he referred to one of the older men whose after-dinner speech had preceded his, he did not say "As my friend Jones remarked," nor even "As my very good friend Mr. Jones observed," but "In the eloquent words of that knightly cavalier—" And when the toastmaster in his mellow Southern drawl says, "In the name of this commonwealth, Ah give you all the glad hand, an' Ah wish you welcome," you feel somehow that the town has been laid at your feet, and it is with something more than the usual thrill that you rise to the toast, proposed by some lean old fire-brand who fought for his State against the Union—"No East, no West, no North, no South—gentlemen, Our Country!"

Sunshine, Bull Fights, 'Dobes, and Dust

On a Sunday afternoon, sitting on the hotel veranda next to a drummer from New York or Grand Rapids, you may listen to the Mexican band playing in the plaza, watch the dusky little Mexican belles strolling past, two by two, in the white dress-up dresses, and as the purple twilight closes in hear the two alligators in the fountain bellowing hoarsely for their supper. You may take a trolley-car and "for five cents in five minutes," as El Paso boomers say, be in old Mexico, in Juarez, a city older than Plymouth Rock, where you may see bull fights and 'dobe houses, and buy very good Mexican cigars for very little money, and watch the sleepy, snaky Mexicans roll cigarettes and listen to the band and tether their gamecocks to the hitching posts outside the church before they go in to pray.

We rode for thirty miles or so northward close to the flank of the swollen yellow river, through the land on which, when the dam is finished, the water will come. Through parts of it now the old ditches still do their more or less imperfect work, suggesting what may be done. They showed us fields of alfalfa, from

which with their constant southern sun they can harvest five crops each summer, onions that netted \$500 an acre, orchards and vineyards and strawberries. They showed the gardens at Las Cruces and the agricultural college there, where a well that flows twelve hundred gallons to the minute is struck only forty feet below the surface dust, and the future ranchmen of New Mexico learn how to farm, and in spite of the heat play football like their northern cousins, and the young women study irrigation and domestic science along with French and the classics, and perhaps fit themselves better for the rôle of mistress of the ranch than were they to go to Vassar or Wellesley. They gave us a luncheon in the little 'dobe hotel in the centre of the 'dobe village, with a Mexican band of five pieces to play for us, and tamales and things hot enough to crinkle up a salamander, but which they, with that ultra Mexican palate affected by people of the border, munched as indifferently as though they were absorbing an ice or a macaroon.

And the way they all seemed to feel toward the new dam and each other was suggested by the words of one of them—a prosperous Mexican farmer who drove me about behind two enormous white Percherons that towered above us like icebergs, and dragged the carriage through six inches of dust as though it were on asphalt—"Zey must all get togeezzer!" said he, referring to a few of the inevitable croakers, "Zey must stop to knock. What for is ze use to knock?"

It was sundown before they had shown everything, dark before the train bumped into El Paso. All through that long hot ride there was tobacco smoke and popping of bottles and much talk, and all the way our hosts of the valley—strong men, vigorously expounding water rights and crop prospects, mining and politics—held, tightly clutched in their sweaty fists, big bunches of pink and white sweet peas—treasure from the little oasis we had been visiting—for their wives and children back in the city, quaint badges of children of the desert.

Under the general title, "Pioneers of the Dry Places," the various reclamation projects now under way in California, Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming, and other parts of the arid West will be described in coming numbers of COLLIER'S. The next article, which will appear in an early number, will describe the Roosevelt Dam, near Phoenix, Arizona—with the exception of that on the Shoshone River, in Wyoming, the highest in the world

A FROST-NIPPED ROMANCE

A STORY OF TWO LOVERS WHO MISUNDERSTOOD

By ALTA BRUNT SEMBOWER



She would spread them on the table before her, bend over them, and read with nodding approval

DRAWN BY GEORGE HARDING

ALL Milray knew that Miss Lizzie Gray was a poetess. To its occasional visitors it pointed out her elm-shaded old house and rambling garden with pride. But except Miss Lizzie herself, who had lived alone since the death of her mother, now a good many years ago, no one in Milray knew why the poems had never been published. Every parlor table in the village was eager for the adornment of a volume which from budding to blossoming had drawn its inspiration from the sun and dew and homely air of Milray, and no place else. The publisher, even, was "found." Mr. Jenks of the Milray "Morning Star" had expressed himself willing many times over to transform the

faded manuscript into pages of print which would give delight to the eye. And, as Mr. Jenks was young, and new to journalistic labors in Milray, Miss Lizzie might have told him that many of his predecessors, some of them dead, all vanished from their astral position, had made the same offer to her before his day. But Miss Lizzie never did tell Mr. Jenks so. She only smiled each time, and colored, trembling a little, and finally, in her gentle old faltering voice, promised to think it over and let him know when she had made up her mind.

Milray had come to think this process of making up her mind a long and tedious one. It had been going on while Milray babies grew and wondered and came to have babies of their own. In the meantime, Miss Lizzie herself had been far from invulnerable to change, the soft brown of her hair giving place to a grim suggestion of scantiness and gray. An old poetess is not so charming a possession as a young one, and an old poetess with caprices proved vexing even to Milray. The caprices of age should at any rate be altruistic. So Milray thought, and—in the form mainly of buxom matrons, with hands rolled in fresh gingham aprons, as they discussed the matter on back doorsteps—it had long been fretting and fuming at the delay.

Milray guessed that in a degree its agitation was shared by Miss Lizzie, but it would have been surprised and somewhat pacified at the knowledge of how painful her share of feeling was. No one wished more than Miss Lizzie to see the poems in print; she wished it so much that she shamed herself in secret for vainglory. Such self-denunciation was not the feeling, however, which made her hesitate with weary indecision each time that Milray unwittingly had almost won in the struggle, and the poems seemed at last in a fair way to see the light. She was held back by one little tightening string which had made by long resistance a life problem for Miss Lizzie. It was wound about her heart.

None but the walls of the old house, granting that they have other organs as well as ears, could have pieced together the contradictions through which Miss Lizzie lived. With every return of lamplight, they saw her, in the still, clock-haunted sitting-room, go to the high chest in the corner—its smooth dark wood reflecting the flame and shadow from the lamp—and take from a drawer of it the little roll of poems. She would spread them on the table before her, bend over them with near-sighted eyes, read with nodding approval, and finally tie them together again with resolute hand and lay them on a convenient corner of the table. Then the walls would whisper gleefully: "Those are for the printer in the morning," and, silently approving, would watch Miss Lizzie at her early bedtime hour take up the candle, and, without one further glance at the roll on the table, leave the room to darkness. But later in the night, she would come stealing down the stair-

case, moving softly as if there were still some one to wake in the house which had been quiet so long, shade the candle shamefacedly from falling on her mother's picture on the stair, creep into the sitting-room, and with a little flutter, as if she feared it might not be there, seize the roll of poems and go back again up the stairs.

The walls of the dim, old, high-ceiled bedroom might then take up the story. They could tell how Miss Lizzie, sitting near the flame of the little candle, went over the poems yet again. Thoughtful this time and uneasy, she could still come to no conclusion. Once she would seem to have settled the matter by taking from the roll one little paper, which held her eyes tenderly, laying it aside, and tying up the rest with a businesslike hand. The soothing effect of finality in this seldom lasted more than for a moment, after which Miss Lizzie would untie the roll again, lay the poem back with the others, and put the whole aside with an irresolute sigh. The candle snuffed at last, only some slight tossings from the bed indicated each time that the mind of its occupant was not yet "made up."

How many years this had been going on Miss Lizzie would have flushed to tell you. Sufficient to say it had become as much of a habit as her daily eating. To wake in the morning, finding the poems beside her, to distract her mind from them all the quiet day, and to come back to the old uncertain attempt at decision in the evening, made a routine which, except for the few gleams of feeling which would not become stale, had lost all life and effort, and seemingly all power to end. The hope of Milray to gratify its artistic appetite seemed to rest upon the slender chance of some one's purloining the roll from the table before Miss Lizzie's change of purpose brought her down for it in the night.

The day came, however, when without any such act of violence, and, indeed, without even any beautifully organized making up of Miss Lizzie's mind, the poems, with an old fragrance of lavender and long delay, found their way at last into their appointed volume. The end of long uncertainty is seldom the fine climax which our minds crave as fit; in the very midst of the uncertainty a tiny shock or impulse brings a sudden answer where we have been expecting a gradual one. On her mother's birthday Miss Lizzie, prowling about her sunny garden all the morning, full of loving memories, had carried an old-time posy of syringa and sweet pinks to place before the picture. She stopped before it suddenly with a swelling thought.

"I was too selfish to please you all my life," she said to the picture, "but you shall have them now."

She tied her bonnet strings with nervous fingers and took the roll of poems from the corner chest. In the glare of the noon light a spell of common-sense seemed to descend upon her. With confident movements she untied the ribbon and counted the poems quickly, aloud, as if to assure the walls that this was business. Her fingers, however, grown into the habit, paused for a little over the one troublesome poem, then lifted it

and laid it aside. Miss Lizzie, grim with resolution, laid it back upon the pile, eying it as if it were a foe. She nodded her head firmly over it. "I am a sentimental old woman," she said, as if in answer to something it had urged. She hurried to the printing office, her quick steps giving no time for thought to make them lag, and put the roll into the hands of the delighted Mr. Jenks before she drew breath freely. Then with empty hands she felt her eagerness fade into a kind of fright, her peremptoriness into a vague flutter, and she cut short the effusive exclamations of the editor by a retreat as precipitate as her entrance had been. She reached home again; the garden gate clicked behind her and shut her in with a strangely mixed feeling of loneliness and daring; the problem was settled and Miss Lizzie's occupation gone.

Two days later—a long interval whose agitations only Miss Lizzie knew—she was back at the printing office, a timid black figure discovered by Mr. Jenks at the door, obstinate in spite of the loud assurance of the freckle-faced "printer's devil" that the "boss was busy." Mr. Jenks heard her eager questions and made a smiling official protest.

"My dear Miss Lizzie," he said, with the patronage of one who devotes his life to the people, "you are too late. The poems went to press this morning. Besides, I couldn't think of giving back the one you mention. It is a beautiful, touching little thing—just what the public wants. It strikes such a personal note. Come, now, you must admit you like it best."

Miss Lizzie, awed by the language of criticism, and aroused to the artistic side of the question, admitted that she did. With a worried line in her forehead, she became a little more communicative. "Yes, it seems the best to me," she said; "I hated to publish the rest without it, and yet—"

The editor waved a reassuring hand. "Then, Miss Lizzie," he said, "no consideration balances that. The poem belongs to the public. It is a little gem—his large assurance filled all the gaps in the argument. Miss Lizzie felt herself ushered gently out with the doubtful consolation that the little volume would be a 'neat thing.'"

On her way home she faced the doubt in her mind once more. "If he recognizes it!" she said, and the pronoun could not have meant the editor. Then she shut her teeth. "I am an old woman—an old maid," she said again, and went into the house with that.

Whatever of consolation or rebuke Miss Lizzie drew from that stern little reflection, she renewed it often in the days that followed. She dined it in tremulously over her little morning tasks; in the afternoon when she sat with her embroidery frame by the window overlooking the quiet old garden, it ran through her head like a refrain with every stitch; most of all, with no effort of her own, she felt it borne in upon her in the evenings. The long habit which carried her after tea to the front gate, to lean upon it under the two guarding elms, and watch the life of the day die out in the village street—this habit marked Miss Lizzie, all unwittingly to her, with the obvious stamp of a maid. In Milray the evening hours like all others were busy ones for the matrons, full of the bustle of finishing tasks, lighting the lamps, gathering in the children, "setting" the bread for the morrow; it was only the girls who stood at the gate, called to each other through the soft settling twilight, and unconsciously "waited" for some one who was coming. Miss Lizzie, standing lonely under the elms, with the quiet house behind her, had no busy tasks to keep her within doors, and had grown old and spare and thin-haired "waiting" at the gate. There was no recipe for growing old gracefully known to feminine Milray, no bachelor girls as proof of its efficacy. Miss Lizzie, in her recent mood of frankness, confessed to herself half wistfully, with an embarrassed gesture, smoothing back the hair from her forehead, that there is such a thing as having youth petrify in the heart without staying the course of the years, the only evident result being the incongruity of desires and capabilities in the slight figure of a little old maid.

It was perhaps well that she had this sprig of rue in her posy to reflect upon when at last the poems came out. Otherwise the success of them might have dazzled her. Milray, forgetting in the hour of publication all its doubts and rancor over the delay, joined in one happy swooping "laudamus" to its "esteemed townswoman and poetess." Miss Lizzie left the old house to its own reflections, and for one long flattered week enjoyed the sweets of fame. Her neighbors dined and "tea-ed" and toasted her, made little speeches on the subject, quoted from the poems and selected favorites among them. All the while Miss Lizzie's heart, full of the gladness of being appreciated, fluttered still with one private little dread, which woke with each occasion, sank slowly with each reassurance that discovery had not been made, and finally rested in what seemed security. For it was evident that "he" whom she feared did not recognize the poem, any more than did honest Milray, which, teeming with reference to the "personal note" in the poems, had still not one man or woman with enough loving knowledge of their esteemed townswoman to see that in one sentimental little poem she had written an experience of her heart. Miss Lizzie's faint fright died at sight of their ignorance. And after the one week, which is as long as fame can be expected to inconvenience our neighbors, she went back to the old brick house, looked at her mother's picture, fancied it gratified, put the gaudy little volume of poems in the corner chest, and took up her work again.

In the quiet of the first evening by herself, she wandered to the front gate as usual, stood



Mr. Jenks heard her eager questions and made a smiling official protest

there breathing the still scents from the garden, and all at once felt her heart leap painfully in a long unaccustomed way. For coming down the village street, with the pale after-sunset light behind him, she saw the one whose recognition of the poem she had dreaded; even with the stretch of space between them, she could see that he knew. The time of that first heart leap was enough to carry her back to the old tricks and habit; a tremulous eagerness seized her, and involuntarily she felt to see if her neckerchief was fresh, in the frightened glad way which she remembered—and Milray had long forgotten—she used to have of doing when "Lizzie Gray and Stephen George were keeping company." Miss Lizzie, watching the approach of the figure which she had seen on the village street every day since she could remember, felt a mighty difference in its coming this time, and braced herself in a vague way for something she knew not what. And yet the man stopped very tentatively. The light stick in his hand was a little tremulous until he braced it on the ground. His words were commonplace.

"It will be a fine moon," he said, putting another burden upon that amiable crescent, beginning now to be distinct with its attendant star.

The words were scarcely fitting ones for breaking a silence of years. Miss Lizzie's answer was as little apt. "Some rain in it, I fear," she said, without raising her eyes to the space between the elm branches through which the moon looked down, and doubtless at this moment laughed a bit at them.

Miss Lizzie's eyes were steadily, half-defiantly, fixed upon the man's face.

"I have read your poems," he said.

Miss Lizzie waited. She looked up once to speak, but closed her lips again.

"I have read *the* poem," he continued, "the one that told me why you didn't come that evening to the garden. Surely you knew I must recognize the words. 'The Broken Tryst,' you called it." He brought out the poor little title impatiently, with typical human ingratitude for the service it had done him. He went on, angry, reproachful, in everything unreasonable, as he had always been. "The old seat in the garden! this very crooked elm! You have made them pretty poetry, but you must have known I should know them."

Miss Lizzie, stung a little, ventured half-timidly, "I thought you had forgotten—or would not care to know."

He paid no heed to her. "But the facts!" he clamored like a schoolboy. "That's what I want. Is it true that you could not leave the house, and that you came after I had gone, and found the garden still, as your lines had it, I believe? Is that thing true, or is it only poetry?"

"It is true," she said quietly.

They looked at each other a moment in something like consternation. Then with his mind still alive to the past, he drew his breath in sharply.

"The night I was to have had my answer," he said. "It was hard."

Miss Lizzie elaborated gently. "It was the first of my mother's attacks that night," she said. "I was but a girl then, and I thought death had come to her. I could not bear to leave her, even to explain. I heard the little call you gave, and the clock with the hour we had named, but nothing mattered but my mother to me then, and I could not answer."

"And you never told me this,"

he said, with quick reproach. "You knew I thought your not coming meant a 'no.'"

"You have forgotten." Her lips were steady, but her gentle old face caught the reproach from his eyes. "You never came again to ask."

"You could have written."

Something of the long belated jealousy of the old time spoke from Miss Lizzie in the simple resentment of her tone. "You passed me the next day with Betty Steel and did not speak to me."

A quarter of a century old, small concrete facts glow with absurdity. Betty Steel, with her quaint bonnet, piquant triumphant face, and high-heeled slippers tapping the pavement on that morning long ago, was a factor which had counted much in her own day, but had lost dignity of significance with years. Yet to these absurd old lovers the significance was all there still. The man, with the uneasiness of his sex at such personalities, harked back to the general.

"But my anger—this long silence," he urged—"even that speaks for me. It could have come only from strong feeling, you admit."

"At first it did. It was indifference at the last."

Miss Lizzie's voice was firm this time, with an invincible tone which chilled her hearer. He stopped, a little abashed by the sureness of her reply. Perhaps a little flash of guilt went through his mind; perhaps he was reminded of the changes in her face which his eyes had remarked a while ago. If he was reminded of them, however, loyalty to his mind picture of the girl he had loved triumphed, in spite of it. He was earnest enough when he stepped forward again. The two made a prosaic little picture as they stood there, her slight old-maidish figure in habitual deprecating attitude, and his somewhat portly one with respectable-looking stick in hand. But the gate was between them with as much suggestion as it used to have.

"It was never indifference," he said. "It has been you all the time." His voice grew softer and insistent. "Liza," he began. It was not what Milray called her. It was the name her mother had for her—and one other, this one, when she was a girl. "Liza," he cried eagerly, "is it too late? Are we—am I too old?"

The gallant change of pronoun brought Miss Lizzie to herself. The growing light in her face died out in the flash of a moment. She glanced down at her hand on the gate-post—a slender hand, but lined with tiny wrinkles now. She felt herself all at once oppressed by her lonely years. For the last time her phrase came to help her. "I am an old maid," it whispered. She drew back and a flush of something like shame came into her face. Her voice when she spoke had a little hoarseness of determination in it.

"It is too late," she said. There was a finality in her speech which her companion could not disregard.

Somewhere down the street a gate-latch clicked, and a girl's voice said with a laugh in it, "Good-by, until to-morrow." Miss Lizzie looked at the man before her for an instant. "We were like that," she said, and they stood speechless with the gate between them.

Then she turned to go. But a last little gleam of passion stopped her in the path, and turned her again to him irresistibly. Her speech had the old vehemence of girlhood in it, a final gust of the unreasonable anger of youth.

"You have left me to grow old," she said, "and—and I cared." With that she fled up the garden path, between the oleanders, never stopping until the house-door closed behind her.

Inside, with determined steadying of her trembling fingers, she lighted the lamp, took it up, and holding it, stood before the long mirror in the hall. For one prolonged moment she looked at herself in the glass, fully, freely, brutally, it might be said, could one look so at one's own image. The thin, sharp-angled figure, the face with its soft wrinkles, and the light, gray curls about the forehead—these stood out in the frame. The face in the glass took on a little grimace. Miss Lizzie carried the lamp back into the sitting-room. Long habit made it easy to go to the old chest in the corner for the poem—blue-ribboned manuscript no more. She laid the small bright-colored volume under the light, and with stern though nervous fingers turned to the page she sought. With no lingering glance upon it, she tore that poem from the book. No matter to her that every house in Milray had a copy of the lines. For her it was no longer. Then with head still high, and step still certain, she took the candle from the table and went up the stairs alone.



"You have left me to grow old," she said, "and—and I cared"



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There are thousands and thousands of lamps that don't work, all for the lack of the proper chimney.

Right shape, right length, right size, right glass.

MACBETH's chimney; my name is on it or it isn't a MACBETH.

My index explains all these things fully and interestingly; tells how to care for lamps. It's free—let me send it to you. Address

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Pears'

A soft, fine grained skin is a valued possession.

Pears' Soap gives title to ownership.

Established in 1789.

LIFE'S LITTLE PLEASANTRIES

EQUIVOCAL

THE latest of Mr. N. C. Goodwin's stories relates to the trials of a minstrel troupe in the old barnstorming days.

"In a certain Western town," says Mr. Goodwin, "away back in the early eighties a minstrel combination with which I was connected was obliged one very hot day to 'double in brass,' as the saying goes—meaning a street parade to advertise the show that night."

"When the minstrels reached their hotel, after a wearisome trudge under a broiling sun for over four miles, blowing away for dear life at their horns, they were dead tired and dusty and hot."

"A man who looked as if he had never done a stroke of work in his life stood at the hotel entrance 'sizing up' the combination as it filed by. As he watched the minstrels wipe the perspiration from their brows and fan themselves with their helmets, he turned to the man next to him and remarked: 'Anything to keep from workin', eh?'"

A POST MORTEM

PRESIDENT INGALLS, of the "Big Four" railway, tells of a system adopted by a division superintendent for eliciting information relative to the destruction of farmers' property along the line of the railway. The superintendent had printed a blank form on which was to be written among other things the name of the animal killed, the kind of animal, etc. A space was reserved for a reply to the following question: "Disposition of carcass?"

A flagman, whose duty it became on one occasion to report concerning the death of a cow, turned in his written report, with the following set opposite the question last referred to: "Kind and gentle."

THE SAME THING!

By Harold Melbourne

There once was a poet
Wrote, "Kiss me sub-rosa!"
The printer, I know it,
Had, "Kiss me sub-nosa!"

DANGEROUS POPULARITY

SIR HENRY IRVING, the English actor, often speaks with kindly remembrance of a "dresser" he once employed. This "dresser," Doody by name, was given to overindulgence in strong drink, and Sir Henry was frequently compelled to warn the man that his ways must be mended, otherwise his discharge would result.

"I would like to stop drinking," said Doody one day after Sir Henry had lectured him, "but," he added with silly vanity, "my friends make so much of me!"

In telling the story Sir Henry remarked that it reminded him of Dean Ramsay's anecdote of a drunken parishioner. The Dean spoke sharply to a whiskey-loving Scot, ending his lecture by setting himself up as an example.

"I can go to the village," said the Dean, "and come home sober."
"Ay, minister," was the reply, "but I'm sae popular!"

EXPECTING A BLESSING

STATE SENATOR MCCARREN, leader of one faction of the Democrats of Brooklyn, was for a time engaged in a fight for his political life. In discussing the situation with a friend the Senator was explaining the course he intended to pursue, which was not sufficiently strenuous to suit the friend. He advised an open attack that would end the fight one way or the other without any delay.

"No, we'd better not be in a hurry," replied the Senator. "Remember that it is the peacemaker, not the pacemaker, who is blessed."

SENTIMENT AND AUTOGRAPH

A PROMINENT member of the Franklin Inn Club, Philadelphia's foremost literary organization, at a gathering of book-writers recently, told a new anecdote of F. Marion Crawford, the novelist.

A certain young lady, so the story runs, wrote to Mr. Crawford requesting that he send her a bit of sentiment and his autograph. The reply was:

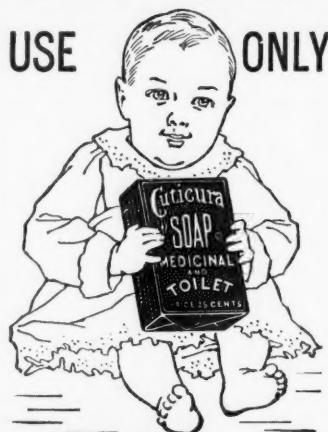
"Dear Miss A—: When you request a favor that is of interest only to yourself, please inclose a two-cent stamp. There's your sentiment and here's your autograph.—F. Marion Crawford."

Fresh Milk

is always obtainable. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely pure cows' milk combined with the finest grade of granulated sugar. For sale at your grocers. Avoid unknown brands.—Advt.

MOTHERS WHO THINK

USE ONLY



Cuticura SOAP

For baby's hot weather bath, because it unites the delicate, medicinal emollient, sanative, and antiseptic properties of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors. Hence it is not only the most effective Skin Purifying Soap for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, but it is the purest and sweetest for toilet and bath as well.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.
Mailed Free, "How to Care for Baby's Skin."

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EDITORIAL TALKS

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

PATENT-MEDICINE SWINDLING

THE announcement of our position on patent-medicine swindling has been received with an enthusiasm that promises results. Comments in the mail are the foundation of this article. From a man well known in politics and literature, who is one of the ablest spokesmen of robust morality whom America holds to-day, come these words:

My Dear Sir:

"Your campaign against patent medicines is going to cost the — some money. I have decided to watch your campaign, and after you get through I shall discontinue, on their expiration, all contracts with firms who do not sue you for libel. I estimate that this will take about \$1,000 a year off the profits of a sheet that is now paying only about \$3,500 a year. But it's a case of 'Onward, Christian Soldier!' But the Christian martyrs were never more scared, when they were thrown among the tigers, than we are at dropping this business. But it seems to me that decency requires that it be done."

It is the poor who suffer. That point is made time and again. Even those who have the "medicine habit," for deadening or intoxication, usually take the start unconsciously by practicing what they deem economy. It is the poor also who, afflicted with deadly or disheartening disease, and shut off from change of air or skilful treatment, clutch at the boundless claims they read in newspapers, and it is the under-educated who are likely to be frightened into imaginary troubles by the published lists of symptoms.

Of the many personal experiences cited by physicians, the following from Michigan is a fair example: "A retired officer of the W. C. T. U. was a patient of mine about one year ago, and suffered severely from an attack of grippe. I prescribed the regular medicines in such cases, and returned the second day to find my patient in a state of stupor. As my visit was a little earlier than the expected time the room had not been arranged for my reception. At the head of the bed I espied a bottle of Peruna, and upon close questioning of the daughter ascertained that the mother had taken several doses from the bottle to stop her coughing during the night. The effect was evident, for a more beautiful case of *drunk* I have never witnessed. I learned that in this home, as in thousands of others, Peruna was the favorite doctor for all complaints, even being used to extract cash from the old man when all other methods failed."

Newspaper Responsibility

A DOCTOR from Cleveland incloses what purports to be a press despatch from New York in the Cleveland "Plain Dealer," describing the wonders of some new drug cure for hay fever, and writes: "The advertisement has appeared each Sunday for almost a year, dated the day previous from New York. These advertisements, appearing as Associated Press news, have also appeared regularly all over the country from Calumet, Michigan, to Jacksonville, Florida. As a committee of one, appointed by the German Medical Society of Cleveland to call the attention of the editor of the 'Plain Dealer' to this advertisement, and to protest against such apparent prostitution of the press, I was frankly told that as long as the persons interested continue to pay the rates charged (apparently about twelve times the usual advertising rates) it would continue."

Even religious and medical journals join the game. A physician tells us that he wrote to the "Christian Evangelist," calling the attention of the editors to certain fraudulent advertisements and asking them to go to any reputable physician for knowledge. Their reply was a blank for new subscribers. The copies of the "Christian Evangelist" now before us contain advertisements of Dr. Woolley's painless opium and whiskey cure; Mrs. M. Summer's great Woman Remedy; Vitae-Ore, which never fails to cure Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Grippe, Blood-Poisoning, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, and Malarial Fever; Miss Alice Wetmore's Cheap Heart Cure; Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup; Piso's Cure for Consumption; Dr. H. James's Cure for Consumption; Dr. Bye's Cancer Cure; Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for Kidney Troubles; and a number of which, on grounds of ordinary decency, we withhold the names. We recommend to readers of the "Christian Evangelist" the following: "The Editor of the 'Christian Evangelist' knows of his personal knowledge a number of persons who were severely afflicted with rectal troubles whom Dr. Smith has cured. He is personally acquainted with the Doctor, and has no hesitation in commending any sufferer thus afflicted to him."

The Brighter Side

SOME newspapers, however, are showing themselves capable of resisting money. An editor of the "Christian Herald" writes that his paper last year refused over \$30,000 worth of cash advertising, under a rule against patent medicines, and adds: "Even from a business standpoint, it has been an advantage. Increased circulation and good advertising have more than offset the loss, and we are satisfied to continue the experiment permanently. Reputable advertisers shun the 'shady' kind, and decline to appear on the same page with their absurd claims, their 'fake' testimonials, their vulgar pictures—their offers of 'sample bottles,' and the like."

Mr. Earnest Elmo Calkins, of the Calkins and Holden advertising agency, writes:

"I believe that the cause of good advertising has suffered greatly on account of patent-medicine advertising, and I believe that the action of such publications as COLLIER'S and others that have joined in the movement will one day remove the possibility of advertising a patent medicine, 'patent medicine' being understood in its invidious sense. The business of this agency would to-day be double what it is if we had been willing to accept advertising of the sort which you pillory in your editorial."

More and more newspapers, and more and more agencies, will come to this view, until the sale of disguised poison and bottled fraud ceases to flourish in America more luxuriantly than it does in effete monarchies like Germany and Great Britain.



Rexall Antiseptic Tooth Powder is a new kind of powder dentifrice. It is absolutely pure—free from grit and harmful acids. Its use leaves a refreshing feeling in the mouth—cleanses and polishes the teeth, cools and hardens the gums, and gives a delightful perfumed breath.

Rexall
ANTISEPTIC
TOOTH POWDER

comes in attractive and convenient large boxes, with a unique metallic cap which prevents corrosion and waste of powder. Because we own and operate the largest laboratories on the continent, we are able to sell you for 25 cents the largest package of strictly pure antiseptic tooth powder on the market.

Sold only by Rexall agents in 1000 cities. If not procurable in your town, send us 25c. in stamps and we will send a full-size box of Rexall Tooth Powder, and include, for the next sixty days, free of charge, a Rexall Tooth Brush (worth 35c.)—making 60c. worth in all for your quarter.

UNITED DRUG CO., Boston, Mass.

You may not know
what handsome teeth
you possess until
you use

SANTOL
TRADE MARK
BEST FOR THE TEETH

Tooth Paste, a refreshing antiseptic—not only cleanses the teeth but cools and refreshes the whole mouth.

Also Liquid, Powder, Brush

Send for the book—It's worth while!

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An Association of DENTISTS, conducted on the co-operative plan.
Highest and only Award, World's Fair, 1904

4% Interest



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ASSETS OVER FORTY MILLION DOLLARS

SENSATIONAL PRICES

This magnificent 1905 model Side Entrance Touring Car listing at \$900 will be sold by us for only \$695. We are under contract not to openly advertise name, but it is made by one of the old reliable manufacturers and we will give name and full information on request. Above car has Double Side Entrance, Detachable Top, Double Opened Water with cylinders 4 1/2 x 4 1/2. Actual 12 HP. Seats 5 persons. Any make Detachable Tires, Lamps, Horn, etc. Weight 1400 lbs. All new cars to be shipped direct from factory subject to factory guarantee. Will pay railroad fare to purchasers within 300 miles. Have many other bargains ranging from \$200 up. Write for catalog and special discounts at once. Agents wanted. MEAD MOTOR CO., Dept. B195, CHICAGO

CLARK'S CRUISE, Feb. 6, 1906. 20 days. \$400 and up. by Specially Chartered S. S. Arabis, 16,000 tons.

THE Cecilian Player-Piano

Is a high-grade upright piano with the mechanism of the famous CECILIAN PIANO-PLAYER built inside the case.

It's a piano which can be used by every member of your family, for it can be played in the usual manner with the fingers, or by inserting a roll of perforated music, can be played by means of the Cecilian mechanism.

Its tone is sweet and lasting. Its construction is first-class in every particular.

We build the entire instrument—both the piano and the player attachment—in our own factory at Detroit. We know that in the Cecilian Piano we are offering you an instrument which cannot be equaled at the price asked. **We want you to know this.**

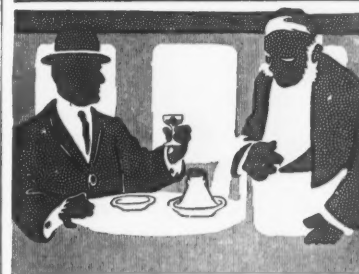
We want you to examine and try the Cecilian Piano for yourself, and if you will write us we will send you full particulars and give you the name of the dealer who handles it in your vicinity, who will be pleased to explain to you its many points of superior merit.

The price is \$600.

FARRAND ORGAN COMPANY
Dept. H, DETROIT, MICH.

London, England

Paris, France



YOU know the kind of concoction that masquerades as cocktail in London and Paris bars. Well, CLUB COCKTAILS are as superior to made-in-a-hurry kind as the latter are to the foreign attempts—and that's saying a lot. Accept no substitute if you want the best. CLUB COCKTAILS is the original bottled brand.

Just strain through ice and serve.

Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors

Hartford

New York

London

NATURO

After 1,000 Years of mistakes are you still using the old, high, flat closet, 17 inches high front and rear?

The NATURO is 24 in. high in the front and 17 1/2 in. in the rear.

Book H, mailed free, gives further details. Surely you'll write for this important book.

The NATURO is a Syphon Jet, also, the highest perfection in sanitary earth-ware. But send for Book H.

THE NATURO CO., Salem, N. J., U.S.A.

WE WANT AGENTS

In every town to ride and sell our bicycles. Good pay. Finest guaranteed 1905 MODELS, with Puncture-Proof tires, Coaster-Brakes, 1903 & 1904 Models of Best Make . . . \$10 to \$24 \$7 to \$12
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS All makes & Models good as new . . . \$3 to \$8
CLEARING SALE at half cost. We SHIP ON APPROVAL and TEN DAYS TRIAL to anyone without a cent deposit. Write at once for Special Offer on sample bicycles, TIRES, SUNDRIES, AUTOMOBILES
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. G34, CHICAGO

FRANK C. CLARK Round the World
CLARK'S CRUISE, Feb. 6, 1906. 20 days. \$400 and up. by Specially Chartered S. S. Arabis, 16,000 tons. Select parties—50 persons—under superior management. Start Sept. 20, Oct. 28, Dec. 9. Highest Class Arrangements.

To get a warm home welcome.



Summer is swiftly passing. You cannot begin a day too soon to prepare against bleak Winter if you pay the bills and suffer the ills of old-fashioned heating.

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

yield enduring comfort, and last as long as the building stands.

They give even heat, healthful heat, clean heat—no mixture of dust, ashes and coal gases in the living rooms. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators repay their own cost in fuel and labor savings, and absence of repairs.

Put in OLD or new buildings, (cottage, house, store, church, school, etc.) farm or city, and without in the least disturbing the occupants or building.

Your neighbors will tell you of their experience and satisfaction, but you will need our catalogues (free) to select from. Tell us kind of building you wish to heat. Our goods warehoused in all parts of the United States. Write us now.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Dept. 31.

CHICAGO



LASELL SEMINARY

FOR YOUNG WOMEN, Auburndale, Mass.

Lassell has ideas and methods concerning the training of girls that make it an extraordinary school.

The hands and the body are trained with the mind. Courses in Domestic Economy and Applied Housekeeping. Lessons in Sewing, Cooking, Dress Cutting, Home Sanitation, Conversation and Walking—all without extra cost. Special Advantages in Music and Art. 10 miles from Boston. Write for catalogue.

C. C. BRADGON, Principal.

CEDARCROFT SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Kennett Square, Pa.

A preparatory and secondary school organized to give a high degree of personal attention and home care to a limited number of boys. The unit is the individual boy—not the class. Separate sleeping rooms. Located on a grand old estate of 155 acres, the former country home of Bayard Taylor. One hour from Philadelphia. All athletics. For illustrated prospectus, address JESSE EVANS PHILLIPS, A.M., Principal.

The Whipple School of Art

900 Sixth Ave. (Cor. 51st St.)

Drawing and painting from life, still life, and the easel. Illustration, Composition. MR. CHARLES AYER WHIPPLE, Teacher of Life Classes. MR. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY, Teacher of Illustration.

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STORY-WRITING AND JOURNALISM Taught by mail; short stories and book manuscripts critiqued and revised; also, placed on commission. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit;" it tells how. THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION 54 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

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Profit in Watchmaking Learn at Home Book FREE Fifty million times placed in United States to be repaired. Accurate time necessity in the business world. We teach Watchmaking by Copyrighted Chart System. Positions for graduates. It's time to write us. Dept. 16. The De Selms Watch School, Attica, Ind.

MUSIC LESSONS Send for our FREE booklet, it tells how to learn to play any instrument. Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, etc. Write American School of Music, 301 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

STAMMERING CURED

by natural method. Send for special rates and particulars. U. S. INSTITUTE, 479K Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap Sweetens without perfume because sulphur disinfects. It's a fine toilet soap. Sold by all druggists.

EDITORIAL TALKS

(Continued from page 21)

The Druggist's Part

OUR opinion that retail druggists can hardly be blamed for meeting a demand created in the newspapers is not shared by all men of that occupation. The Thompson Brothers Drug Company, of Spring Valley, Illinois, writes:

"The retailers are not wholly without blame. All the advertising done by the average country druggist consists of patent-medicine plate matter run over the druggist's name, advising any one and every one to use So-and-So's Such-and-Such for the Sure and Certain Cure of Whatever Ails Them. The handling of patent medicines appears to be the only thing many druggists are in business for. In fact, from the official publication of the N. A. R. D. one would not know that a druggist had any object in life beyond protecting prices on patent medicines, and boycotting those whose price is not regular—this, you understand, without one word of the curative value of the particular nostrums under discussion. As far as we are concerned, speed the day when we may throw out our stocks of patent medicines and use the space for other lines, in handling which there is more honor—and, incidentally, more profit."

Mr. P. J. Noyes of Lancaster, N. H., believes the retail druggists are to blame and can help themselves. "I have been in the retail drug business for nearly forty years, and for years have fought the quack nostrum outrage single-handed. I have written hundreds of columns exposing the frauds, which I have published in the local papers (but I have always had to buy the space and pay for it at the regular advertising rates, as newspapers will of course not offend their best friends). When a new fraud appears I make it my first business to expose it and prevent it getting a foothold in my town. What I have done any and every druggist can do and should do. I have practically eliminated the sale of nostrums in this and surrounding towns, and I think I may truthfully say that I have shamed the newspapers into some sense of decency. The proprietor of one of them told me to-day that he had only two such advertisements, and should drop them as soon as the contracts expired, and should never take another."

From one of Mr. Noyes's campaign documents we extract the following: "An association of the manufacturers of secret medicines exists for the sole purpose of combating legislation inimical to the business. The association is a large one, with unlimited funds at its command, and it is unnecessary to state that this money is for the specific purpose of influencing legislation." This association, Mr. Noyes says, killed a label bill in the last New Hampshire legislature, apparently by bribing a Senate committee.

What About the Law?

THE United States Post-Office Department and the State Legislatures and Medical Associations could do much. An illustration or two will typify the present situation: An attorney in Detroit calls attention to the contemptuous violation of Michigan law, inclosing an advertisement from the Detroit "Free Press," which begins as follows: "Wonder Doctor! The fame of the Wonder Doctor has spread from ocean to ocean." In the same issue are: Dr. Goldberg's advertisement for diseases of men; the advertisements of Strenva and of Big G for the same purpose; Pennyroyal pills for ladies; and Juven Pills for "those suffering from weaknesses which sap the pleasures of life."

The Michigan law provides:

1. That no certificate of registration shall be granted to any person guilty of grossly unprofessional and dishonest conduct likely to deceive the public.
2. That the board of registration in medicine may at its discretion revoke the certificate of registration of any practitioner who uses advertisements relative to diseases of the kind above cited from the Detroit "Free Press."
3. That the proprietors of a newspaper may be fined or imprisoned for printing such advertisements.

Evidently Michigan needs a medical society able and willing to look after enforcement. "Passing laws and public exposure alone," as is observed by counsel for the active New York society, "will not drive these criminals out of business. There must be an organized force behind the laws continually putting them into effect."

What have the Michigan medical societies to say?

Uncle Sam's Efficiency

DR. IRVINE K. MOTT of Cincinnati pretends not only to have a cure for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, but to have obtained a scientific demonstration of success from a famous medical school. Three years ago his advertisements were printed in the most respectable magazines, and it is a sign of rising standards that he is now confined to less desirable publications. The university, of which he was using the name, complained to the Post-Office Department. It required three years to induce the department even to protect the name of the medical school. Last December the university was assured that Dr. Mott had dropped its name. So much, after three years' struggle, Uncle Sam was induced to exact; but of course, with this slight change, he allows Dr. Mott to use the mails as freely as before.

What is Coming to the Quacks

A NUMBER of readers point out the possibly even greater evil of quack physicians; but the connection was recognized when, in the former article, we treated these two subjects as inseparable. A doctor incloses an advertisement clearly hinting at operations for illegal purposes, and adds: "This clipping was taken from the New York 'World' of July 5, 1905. Comment is unnecessary."

"How many times have I been called to attend cases of septic infection following criminal operations, and heard words like these: 'For God's sake, doctor, save my wife. We were assured there was absolutely no danger'; or else, 'My daughter was indiscreet, and it would have killed us socially.'"

"How is it possible that Joseph Pulitzer, who poses as a public benefactor, can take the blood money that is paid for the insertion of these advertisements? Mr. Rockefeller's 'tainted money' is pure as snow compared with this."

The quacks are not to be omitted. The same investigator, whose inquiries into patent medicine are almost completed, is gathering material about medical abuses also. He hopes to have the opening article ready for publication in September. It will give an outline of the patent medicine industry, and will be followed by a number of articles on particular medicines and groups of medicines, beginning with Peruna. The quacks will follow in their turn.



Clothing or Clothes

Clothing, made in quantities for no one in particular, bears the stamp of the individuality of the manufacturer who made it.

Clothes, made one suit at a time, cut and tailored to fit the form of a certain man, bear the stamp of the individuality of the man who wears the garments.

That is the difference between Clothing and Clothes.

One is made to sell, the other made after being sold.

Who's Your Tailor?

Every perfectly dressed man has one. Ask your dealer to show you samples of our woollens, to take your measure, and wear clothes that are made for you.

Ed. V. Price & Co. MERCHANT TAILORS Chicago

LEARN TO SWIM

BY ONE TRIAL

Ayvads' Water-Wings



Price 25c and 35c

GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER

A person weighing from 50 to 250 lbs. can float on them without an effort. Inquire of any one who has used Ayvads' water wings and be convinced you can learn to swim the first day you are in the water. For those who can swim they furnish a source of amusement nothing can equal. Easily adjusted. Takes no more room than a pocket handkerchief. Sold by all leading Dry-goods, Sporting-goods houses and Druggists. Ordering from us direct, enclose price to Dept. B.

AYVAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Hoboken, N. J.

A SCHOOL WITH

Exceptional Advantages

The spirit of co-operation and confidence between instructors and students in the Academy of Northwestern University establishes a cordial and mutually helpful relationship, and the student's progress is made pleasant and rapid. The course of study covers preparation for any American college or technical school. The Academy is situated 100 feet from Lake Michigan, in Evanston, Ill., a city without a saloon, delightful in environment, fine residences and a refined social life. For full particulars address

ARTHUR H. WILDE, Principal, University Academy, Evanston, Ill.

SQUABS

are money-makers. Ready for market when four weeks old. Breeds from 8 to 10 pairs every year. Each pair can be sold for 50 to 80 cents. Our Homers produce the finest squabs in this country. They require little attention. Send for information and prices. HOMER SQUAB COMPANY Box B Lindenhurst, N. Y.

BABY'S INSTINCT

Shows He Knew What Food to Stick To

Forwarding a photo of a splendidly handsome and healthy young boy, a happy mother writes from an Ohio town: "The enclosed picture shows my 4 year old Grape-Nuts boy."

"Since he was 2 years old he has eaten nothing but Grape-Nuts. He demands and gets this food three times a day. This may seem rather unusual, but he does not care for anything else after he has eaten his Grape-Nuts, which he uses with milk or cream, and then he is through with his meal. Even on Thanksgiving Day he refused turkey and all the good things that make up that great dinner, and ate his dish of Grape-Nuts and cream with the best results and none of the evils that the other foolish members of the family experienced."

"He is never sick, has a beautiful complexion, and is considered a very handsome boy. May the Postum Company prosper and long continue to furnish their wholesome food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in every pkg.

Cleanly

Our brewery is as clean as
your kitchen.

We clean every tub, vat,
tank or barrel—every pipe and
pump—every time we use it.
We wash every bottle *four*
times, by machinery.

The very air is filtered.

That is one reason for
purity.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.
See that the cork or crown is branded

Schlitz

The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages



Shakespeare's
Seven Ages



It's Meat and
Drink to me.



HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

for the
Seven Ages

is a delicious food-drink, very nutritious and digestible. It upbuilds the young, refreshes and sustains the aged and invalids. More healthful than tea, coffee, or cocoa, as it assists digestion, nourishes and invigorates. Pure, rich milk, with the extract of choice malted grains, reduced to powder form, soluble in water. Needs no cooking or addition of milk. A glassful, hot, upon retiring, brings refreshing sleep.

In Lunch Tablet form, also, with chocolate. Samples free upon request.

Ask for "HORLICK'S"; others are imitations.

HORLICK'S FOOD COMPANY, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

London
England

Montreal
Canada



2nd "Then the School-
boy with his Shining
Morning Face."



5th "And then the Justice
full of Wise Saws."



3rd "And then the Lover
with his Ballad."



7th "Last
Scene"



that ends this
Eventful History."

6th "With Spectacles
on Nose."